The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXXI | NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1922 | NUMBER 403

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The Week

THE tariff of abominations will pass the Senate, but there it will hang, for a time. It is confidently predicted in Washington that the bill will not reach the President's desk before the elections. No better indication could be given of Republican lack of confidence in the tariff as a vote-getter. The country has gone through too vigorous an educational process in the last four years to take stock in promises of prosperity through protection. Everybody now understands that we cannot sell our own products unless we take something besides gold in exchange, for we already have about all the gold. Also, everybody understands that there can be no prosperity in sight for us unless we find markets for our surplus agricultural and industrial products. And we shall not increase our chances of finding such markets by making difficulties about accepting the only means of payment our foreign customers have—goods for import.

TARIFF or no tariff, the business outlook for the next months is far from reassuring. The coal and rail strikes may be settled soon, but it will take months before coal supply and railway service can be restored to normal. Our manufacturing business will be handicapped by high prices and uncertain deliveries. Our foreign trade is likely to suffer a severe shock when the long overdue German commercial crisis develops. For the last years we have been rolling up large export balances, taking our payment partly in American securities that have been held in foreign hands, partly in foreign securities. Most foreign securities will depreciate if German industry goes down in a crash. Commercial stagnation, widespread unemployment and universal discontent are likely to characterize the opening of the winter. And the government, so far as we can learn, is making no preparations whatever to meet the situation.

COAL prices, in spite of Hoover's plan of control, continue to rise. According to Bradstreets' (August 12th) the price of bituminous, f. o. b. Chicago, rose from $6.50 a ton on April 1st to $7.00 May 1st, $7.75 June 1st, and July 1st (when Hoover prices became effective), and to $10.00 (nominal) on August 1st. Connelsville coke rose from $3.25 on April 1st to $6.00 May 1st. There it remained until July 1st, when it rose to $8.50. August 1st it was $14.00. Non-union operators are plainly making a golden harvest.

THE debate on the responsibility for the war will receive a new impetus from the remarks of Mr. Philip Kerr before the Institute of Politics at Williams College. Mr. Kerr, who knows as much about the question as any man living, doubts that the Kaiser or any other responsible man ever deliberately pressed the button to start a general European war. "Ultimately the cause of the war was the surrender of Germany to Bismarckism and the failure of the people of Germany to take the control of military and foreign policy out of the

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hands of the Kaiser. But so far as the events of 1914 are concerned, what swept Europe into war was the military time table." After Austria's ultimatum to Serbia, everything moved as it was fated to move. When Austria mobilized, Russia had to do so; when Russia mobilized, Germany had to mobilize. And so events moved, without anybody's wanting war, until the war was on.

GRANTING that this is a fair view of the case, what is the moral? That we must look for Germany's responsibility, not to the events of 1914, but to the swashbuckling that preceded the actual crisis of war. Germany, however, did not maintain a monopoly of swashbuckling. There were Russian Panslavists, French apostles of the revanche, British sea lords who helped to make the German people feel that their salvation lay in the army. Militarists everywhere contributed to make the war. There were more of them, and more perniciously active ones, in Germany than in any other country. In so far the chief responsibility rests with Germany. But that the Germans were solely responsible is a dogma which rests, not on history, but on the need for a moral basis for the punishment that is being inflicted upon the German nation.

"JURIST in Equity Court Jolts Strike Agitators. Flays Alien Organizers. Judge Rogers Declares Strongly for Americanism in Hearing Kirschbaum Case." The headlines from the Philadelphia Record are enough. We do not need to read the account of the proceedings to be sure that they are the negation of everything that Americanism has properly meant. The case brought against organizers of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers involved the constitution of that body. When the attorney for the defence objected to the copy of the document first in evidence and tried to substitute a revised version, Judge Rogers shut him off with: "The court has ruled on the matter, and we will have no more of this idle chatter." The eminent jurist, after reading from the challenged copy of the constitution, prejudged the case by declaring: "Such agitators should be driven out of America and such organizations should not be tolerated under the law." The rebuke of the Non-Partisan Political Association, composed of members of all trade unions, states exactly the effect of Judge Rogers's "Americanism." "Your undignified conduct and lack of judicial poise, so widely exploited by the local press, cannot help but result in undermining the faith of the people in the integrity and honesty of the courts, and in the country's institutions."

WHETHER the Russian famine ceased last April or whether it continues and will be nearly as terrible next year remains a subject of animated controversy between the American Relief Administration and Dr. Nansen. We can understand Dr. Nansen's heat but not Colonel Haskell's. To the former the belief that the horrors of this year will be repeated makes it seem like conniving with murder to say all's well, and thus dry up sources of relief which cannot be opened again without delay. To the latter the belief that the famine was stayed by American efforts and that no Russian was properly entitled to die of starvation after April has become a dogma which it is lèse majesté to question! Even so it would seem that such a faith might be asserted without ill-temper. The A. R. A., with pardonable pride in its performance, must recognize that in the six months between July when the famine was threatened, and December, when American relief was first available on a large scale, a number of preventable deaths occurred. A certain anxiety is permissible in regard to the future.

TWO pieces of evidence as to the continuation of the famine have come to our notice. One is the letter of Maxim Gorky to Miss Addams. After warmly praising the work of Mr. Hoover's organization he adds:

> The famine is not decreasing. Secretary Hoover's organization cannot embrace all the stricken territories in Russia. On the shores of the Black Sea, in Odessa and in the Crimea millions of people are perishing without relief. The German colonists in the south, the Jews and the hardworking, honest Tatars are all dying out. The famine is bigger than all that can be said or written about it.

We regret that some newspapers printed the first part of Gorky's letter without its terrible conclusion.

THE other bit of evidence occurs quite incidentally in the personal letter of a worker with the Friends' Service:

> And here we find that there will be famine another year. Out of five hundred horses there are only ten left —and because there were no horses to plough the government issued them little seed, and that little seed was planted by hand, as the land could not be ploughed, and will hardly yield at all. And of the seed that has come up well, much has already been lost, because a worm they have never seen before has been eating the roots, the birds have been eating it, and the sand has been blowing down from the mountainside and choking it. . . . In some of the larger towns there will be a good harvest, because they have been able to plough better, but half of all the villages in this district will starve if they are not helped through another year.

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READERS of the New Republic will remember the article A Deportation and the Aftermath in the issue of August 2nd. The subject of the deportation, John Yerob, after being taken to Germany, made his way to Mexico and thence to Portland, Maine, where he made application for repatriation, and where he is now in jail awaiting the pleasure of the federal authorities. Those interested in securing a reversal of a decision which seems to have been stupidly and cruelly wrong, should write to Mr. E. J. Henning, Assistant Secretary of Labor, Washington.

IN Massachusetts Henry Cabot Lodge is a candidate for a sixth term in the Senate. He is peculiarly opprobrious to the Wilsonians because after committing himself to the idea of the League of Nations, he became the chief instrument in defeating its practical realization. The course of the campaign will give evidence on the vexed question of the present hold of the League on the voters, and its availability as a future campaign issue. It is open to Mr. Lodge to present himself as a sincere friend of the League and to throw upon Wilson the burden of its defeat, owing to his stubborn refusal to accept reservations which were acceptable to the other powers. He may pride himself upon the defeat of the covenant, accomplished through his alliance with the Bitter Enders. He may seek to ignore the matter altogether. If the Democrats have the wit to nominate against him Sherman P. Whipple, leader of the Suffolk County Bar, he will have an opponent relentless and remorseless, who may be trusted to see that the campaign is fully significant of its issues.

ACCORDING to the Times of August 15th, when the paragraph of the tariff bill taxing rosaries, chaplets, etc. was reached it became apparent that a determined effort would be made to place those articles on the free list. Consideration was therefore postponed to the morrow. It might profitably be adjourned sine die. There are many more pernicious paragraphs in the tariff bill, but none that is quite so disgusting.

CERTAIN French publicists are coquetting with the notion that in the event of a break with England, France would be able to form a continental bloc with the Little Entente nations, thus leaving England isolated. But history shows that England never permits herself to be isolated. France was isolated once before, and dragged down to ruin. Germany isolated herself, and fell. But England has the instinct of coalitions. Suppose that France attaches to herself all the new nations created by the war, where would England look for a counterpoise? Necessarily to Germany and Russia.

THE General Conference of the Fellowship of Reconciliation will be held from September 7th to September 11th at the George School, Pennsylvania. The situation of the school near Newtown, twenty-five miles from Philadelphia, is admirable for the meeting. The general subject, "Creating the Cooperative Life," will be opened by Jerome Davis of the Department of Sociology, Dartmouth College, in an address on "How People Are Educated." The problem of cooperation in the school, the home, the church and the community will be considered in further meetings. "The Building of the International Mind" is the subject of a report by John Haynes Holmes and J. Nevin Sayre. The conference promises to be useful and inspiring.

Who Blocked Railway Settlement?

ON MONDAY, August 14th, the New York Times headed its strike column: "Rail Peace Fails. Unions Reject Harding's Plan." On the same morning the New York Call carried as its heading "Roads Again Block Peace. Rail Executives Won't Set Up Joint Tribunal." Between these two views of the situation the other newspapers occupy a neutral position, contenting themselves with describing the situation as a deadlock and predicting a fight to a finish. In these circumstances it becomes of some interest to review the moves on the chessboard since August 1st and see in precisely what relation the pieces stand to each other.

The President's proposal of August 1st, it will be remembered, consisted of three conditions:

1st. Both parties to recognize the validity of all decisions of the Labor Board.

2nd. The carriers to withdraw all suits growing out of the strike; and Labor Board decisions made during the strike to be submitted to the Board for rehearing.

3rd. All employees now on strike to be returned to work with seniority and other rights unimpaired.

These proposals were accepted by the strikers but the third condition was rejected by the rail executives, who referred to the resolution of the Labor Board on July 3rd definitely annulling rights of seniority of the men on strike.

On August 7th, the President made a second move for peace. He called on the striking workmen to return to work, and on the carriers to assign them to work, and on both to take the question

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in dispute (the single question of seniority) to the Railroad Labor Board for hearing and decision. It is the replies to this proposal which constitute the ground of divergence between the Times and the Call. On August 13th the executives of the carriers returned two answers to the President, one representing the control of 151,824 miles, and one a control of 57,222. The majority are reported by the Times as accepting the proposal "unconditionally." On reading the text, however, it appears that the executives accept the President's proposal to leave the question of seniority to the Labor Board "understanding that such acceptance involves no surrender of the principles with respect to seniority adopted by the carriers on August 1st." These principles were, as noted above, embodied in the resolution of the Board to the effect that the strikers had forfeited seniority rights. It would be interesting to discover whether the use of the word "unconditional" by the Times has any more subtle explanation than the conclusion of the old story: "The little boy lied." The executives representing a minority of the mileage rejected the President's proposal in essence by refusing to agree to take all striking men back. The reply of the representatives of the striking unions has not been made public. It is understood to have been a rejection, but since the President proposed to submit the question of seniority to the Labor Board, and the Board had already committed itself to an annulment of such rights, the refusal of the strikers to accept its good offices can hardly be wondered at. By its premature and threatening utterances on this subject the Board, as we have already pointed out, has rendered itself useless as machinery of mediation.

On August 12th, however, another proposal was made to end the strike. The representatives of the four Railroad Brotherhoods, in conference in Washington with the railroad executives, suggested that the question of seniority be referred to three arbitrators, one appointed by the executives, one by the strikers, one by President Harding. The railroad executives refused. While this proposal is given prominence on the first page of the Herald, only diligent scrutiny can find it at all in the Times.

So the matter stands and the public can make up its mind as to the apportionment of blame among the three parties concerned. The government is anxious to settle the strike on almost any terms, provided its prestige is recognized through the Labor Board. But that Board has already made itself impossible as an organ of conciliation. The executives are eager to settle the strike if the seniority issue is to be decided according to the resolution of the Labor Board on July 3rd. This would in effect be a triumph for the railroads by discrediting the leadership under which the craft unions went on strike and perhaps breaking the unions themselves. The failure to return all men to work would wipe out the unions on the minority roads, which include the New England railroads and the Pennsylvania; and the failure to protect the seniority of their members would deal a heavy blow to unions on the remaining lines. Thus the unions and their leaders are fighting for their lives. But in the issue of unionism the whole body of railroad employees is vitally interested. The four Brotherhoods cannot remain indifferent to it. The situation as respects the deterioration of equipment and the employment of armed guards by the roads affords opportunities for local action on the part of their members, and with the principle of the union at stake such action may easily develop into a broader movement by which the chiefs of the Brotherhoods would be swept into leadership of a general railroad strike. Such is the danger which threatens the country. Only by cutting loose from the discredited Labor Board and insisting on a settlement which will leave the unions intact, according to his original proposal of August 1st, can President Harding avoid it.

India and the Empire

MR. LIONEL CURTIS made his final address at the Williams College Institute of Politics an apology for imperialism, and specifically for the British Empire as a practical contribution to that ultimate political ideal, a supernational state. Quite properly he gave a large part of his time to India, for there the Empire is most seriously on trial. One reason which Mr. Curtis gave for regarding the British Empire as a practical step toward the new organization of the world is that it already embraces one-fourth of the human race. But of this fourth more than half is in India. And the system by which India is held as part of the Empire has nothing to do with that which unites the group of free self-determined dominions. Mr. Curtis admitted that unless the principle of the commonwealth replaces that of empire the whole structure will fall. He further declared that "the relations of the people of Europe and America to those of Asia and Africa are the ultimate problem of politics." The future, then, of the British Empire as a foundation of, or model for, a world state, and the value of its contribution to the solution of this "ultimate problem of politics," depend on the inclusion of India as a willing partner in this commonwealth.

The British Empire is now engaged in the task

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of reconquering India. Once it took the country physically, by war and chicane, setting native states against each other, entering alliances to subdue enemies and betray friends. Now it must conquer the country spiritually, in the name of the august conception of an imperial commonwealth of which Mr. Lionel Curtis thinks so highly as the basis for a world state. As in the earlier conquest, it has allies among the Indians themselves, some of them doubtless sincere in their admiration of British character and faith in British political ideals; others possibly moved by self-interest. But these allies are now scattered throughout a population generally insurgent; it will not be possible to play off one part of the country against another, and conquer it piecemeal; the appeal, to be victorious must be made simultaneously to all India.

Of the success of this appeal Mr. Lionel Curtis is hopeful. "I think," he said, "we have recognized our mistakes in India in time." He sees that the extension of the principle of commonwealth depends on self-government, and he naturally tends to place large confidence in the plan for gradually extending self-government to India, which took form in the Montagu-Chelmsford Act under his guiding hand. He stated the case somewhat bluntly as becomes a member of the dominant race. "The problem is how much scope you can give people to hurt themselves without destroying the fabric of government altogether." But he went on to talk good sense about the dependence of the faculty for self-government upon wisdom rather than upon mere literacy. He was willing to go much farther than his critics in trusting to the wisdom of the Indian people in handling their own affairs without waiting for education, and he did not seem to fear that they were likely to hurt themselves more than other peoples in democratically controlled societies. But he held that the presence of India within the Empire was essential to the development of a world state animated by Anglo-Saxon ideals of freedom. "I believe," he said solemnly, "that the cause of freedom in the East has gained immeasurably by the inclusion of India in a commonwealth which centres in the West."

The reference to a commonwealth begs the question. It is the necessary substitution of commonwealth for empire for which Mr. Lionel Curtis is arguing, and so far as India is concerned he will admit that the process has not gone far. But passing this, it may be inquired to what extent or in what way the cause of freedom in the East has gained through the control of India by the British. Was that control sought in the name of freedom? Has it been maintained in that spirit? Is its continuance desired as a means of contributing to the world free state of Mr. Lionel Curtis's imagination? On the contrary, India was acquired by the ambition and self-interest, not of Great Britain, but of certain British citizens; the control of India has been exercised always for the social and pecuniary advantage of certain classes of British, and its future is envisaged chiefly from the point of view of these classes. Mr. Lionel Curtis knows better than any one that the whole structure of law, economics, finance and racial association in India is a monument to the greed and arrogance of the dominant race. The value of India as an outpost of freedom in the East is chiefly as a terrible warning to Persia, China, Japan.

Of the responsibilities of a race which would be at once free and imperial Mr. Curtis spoke with sombre eloquence. "The most perilous task which a commonwealth can undertake is to attempt to govern other races. It cannot be done without the gravest risks to the principles upon which its own institutions are based." But he gallantly breasted these dangers. "I am infinitely proud that my own countrymen did not shrink from the perils involved. In order to grow freedom must live dangerously." The question will occur to a candid mind: Dangerously to whom? Doubtless Admiral Seymour thought that he was living dangerously when he murdered by bombardment the Chinese in Canton, or another Seymour when he murdered by bombardment the Egyptians in Alexandria, or General Kitchener when he let the Boer women and children die behind the stockades of his concentration camps, or General Dyer when he shot down in cold blood the thousand victims of Amritsar. If such dangerous living is necessary to its growth, possibly freedom might as well be restricted to the climes where it is native.

India is held today by the methods of imperial subjugation modified only by the fact that the Indians have been committed by Gandhi to a revolution of non-violence, and will not fight. There are said to be 40,000 in prison for political reasons. The Indian papers are full of accounts of atrocities perpetrated within prison walls. It was generally believed that the arrest of Gandhi would be followed by a violent outburst; the failure of this to occur has been taken as a sign that his movement is weakening. On the contrary, as Pandit Motilal Nehru pointed out in a recent speech on his release from prison, such an outburst would have signified the utter failure of the non-violent revolution, and the abandonment of its principles. The fact that his followers are acting according to Gandhi's instructions is a proof of the strength and depth of the movement rather

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than of its collapse. The signs of the spiritual conquest of India by the British are not hopeful. Mr. Curtis quoted appreciatively Captain Mahan's apothegm to the effect that "the province of force in human affairs is to give moral ideas time to take root." The moral ideas in the present case seem to be provided not by Lord Reading, or the Prince of Wales or even Mr. Lionel Curtis, but rather by the Mahatma Gandhi.

There was a principle of political science enunciated by an Englishman a generation ago which might seem to apply to India, as well as to afford a clue to the relations of the peoples of America and Europe to those of Asia and Africa. John Ruskin proposed as a test of the right of a ruler his willingness to die for his subjects. Men charged with high responsibility are expected to meet this supreme test; why should not a king die for his people instead of demanding that they should die for him? Are Englishmen ready to die for India? Many have actually done so; many more have died for British rule in India, which even to Mr. Lionel Curtis does not mean the same thing. Will Lord Reading die for India? Will the Prince of Wales die for India? He showed extraordinary complacency in allowing scores or hundreds of Indians to die for him on the occasion of his imperial progress; and among his reported utterances we have failed to find one expressing a decent regret at the death and suffering due to the provocation of his visit. Will Mahatma Gandhi die for India? Will the 40,000 non-cooperators now in prison die for India? Then they, rather than Lord Reading, Mr. Lionel Curtis or the Prince of Wales have met at least the moral test of their right to rule India.

Overstraining the Entente

ANGLO-FRENCH accord, both French and British statesmen declare, is the one solid basis of European peace. It would be a terrible thing for European civilization if France and England returned to their ancient hostility toward each other. The two powers must somehow work together. That they earnestly strive to do so has been demonstrated by the outcome of the successive conferences down to the last. However antagonistic the British and French views may have been at the outset, every conference issued in what was officially proclaimed as understanding and agreement.

And yet it cannot be said that the differences between the two powers are narrowing with time. Quite the contrary. In the London Conference Lloyd George and M. Poincaré were evidently farther apart than ever before. Lloyd George apparently stood for what amounted to a most drastic revision of the indemnity agreement. According to his plan gold payments should be dropped, except such as might be covered by the duty of 26 percent on German exports. We have not seen a reliable statement of Poincaré's proposal in all its details. But we may judge its character from the items given to the press. Customs lines were, by the plan, to be thrown between the occupied territory, and probably the Ruhr, and the rest of Germany, in order that some revenues at least might be collected directly. The seizure and exploitation of the German forests was also proposed, and there was a suggestion of the seizure of a majority interest in the private industrial concerns of the Rhine province, and perhaps of the Ruhr.

The bearing of the British proposals is clear. Under the British scheme the Germans would be left in a position to order their internal economic affairs according to their own will. They would be handicapped in their foreign trade by the export duty—a point of importance to a rival exporting nation like England. But an export duty is no more injurious than an import duty, and the rate of 26 percent is not crushing. Such a charge would yield a substantial, if fluctuating revenue, since Germany cannot live without imports, and must export goods to cover the cost of imports. The export duty could be collected in gold or gold exchange, and thus afford a sound basis for a reparation loan. If Germany were allowed to get on her feet, she would export a minimum of a billion dollars' worth of merchandise annually. Twenty-six percent on a billion would suffice to float a five billion dollar loan. That is not enough to cover the legitimate reparations bill, but it offers a better promise of relief to the French and Belgian budgets than is offered under the old arrangement of unlimited charges. Besides, there is no reason why German trade should not revive sufficiently under this plan to make possible exports much in excess of a billion dollars. Two billions in exports would not be a remarkable feat for a nation of Germany's industrial capacity. On such a volume of trade it would be possible to rest a reparations loan of ten billions—quite sufficient to cover all the items legitimately chargeable to Germany under the pre-armistice agreement.

These proposals aimed to get money out of Germany, and about all the money that was to be had, while giving the German republic a chance to reintegrate itself. The French proposals were financial only in their superficial appearance. The seizure of German private property, the exploitation of the public forests, the control of the Ruhr mines,

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the imposition of internal customs lines would have the effect of throwing the German industrial machine into complete disorder. Such measures would finally eliminate whatever prestige the German republic still enjoys. They would reduce Germany, like Austria, to a condition of hopeless pauperism.

French policy thus reveals itself as more determined than ever before to effect the utter ruin and final disintegration of Germany. British policy reveals itself as more inclined than ever before to give Germany a chance to work out her own salvation. What compromise is possible, in the long run, between these policies? None. One or the other will prevail. And for the present the advantage lies with the French.

For the French can at any time fall back on the letter of the Treaty of Versailles. Under that Treaty there is no definite limitation on the measures that any of the Allies may take to enforce the terms of the Treaty. England has insisted that the Allies are bound to act as a unit, but France has never accepted any restriction upon her freedom of action. At every conference the French threat of independent action suffices to compel the British to yield on the essential point.

That is a heavy strain upon the Entente. Every Englishman knows that the Central European situation is growing worse from month to month. He knows that both economically and politically Germany is moving steadily toward a terrific crash. At any moment German industry, kept alive by the stimulus of depreciating money, may come to a standstill. Unemployment and starvation would then rage throughout Germany, with all manner of disorders beyond the capacity of the discredited republican government to control. Such a crisis would exert a disastrous effect upon all Europe, and threaten the solvency of the British themselves.

It is natural that a great many Englishmen should be asking themselves whether the Anglo-French Entente is worth the price. What the Entente amounts to now is a piece of machinery by which the French drag the British into policies absolutely fatal to their interests. With the Entente broken the peace of Europe would be in danger. But would it be in greater danger than it is now, with the controlling influence in the Entente bent on establishing chaos permanently beyond the Rhine? That is the question which is being asked in wider and wider circles. If the Entente is to be nothing but an engine for enforcing the abominations of Versailles there is small chance of its surviving through many more troubled years.

Lord High Rattlers

IN a street overlooked by a balcony, some small boys were once playing ball. On the balcony stood some grave grown-ups enjoying the evening air and watching the game. Suddenly one of the youngsters stole a base, and was out or safe by so close a margin that the air seemed about to be torn with our most frequent exhibition of national partisanship. But as if instinctively all the young players looked up to that aloof balcony, and cried out "How was that?" The distant spectators gave a verdict of "Out," and from their remote post umpired the rest of the game.

It was in very much the same manner that the perplexed magnates of the major leagues appealed to the nearest Olympus and asked Judge Landis to descend from the majesty of the law and bring peace to their squabbles and their scandals. Like small boys, they were looking for a Big Father to boss them, and they found him on the bench.

They were looking, of course, for something more than a father. They were trying to regain a respectability, a favor with a suspicious public, lost to them after the scandal of the White Sox. They wanted a buffer state between themselves and public opinion which should at the same time be a keeper of their consciences.

The next people to get in wrong with their audience and to seek a remedy in the slogan "Park your conscience here" were the movie men. Only the highest perfume obtainable would make people forget the Arbuckle case and a number of unsavory murders and suicides in the movie world. So they chose a member of the cabinet, and Mr. Will Hays is now, like a dime bank, the recipient of their ethical savings.

There was, of course, a subtler reasoning behind this move. The film manufacturers had been badgered by censorship. What better way to convince the public that they were through with dirt, and therefore did not need to be censored, than to hire as Father someone of one hundred percent morality and lofty position?

This movement by our various industrial tribesmen to appoint a chief, a sort of Winkelried to gather to his sin-proof breast all the spear-heads of criticism, rapidly spread. Next we find Mr. Augustus Thomas appointed by all the theatrical producers to be their overlord, to hold their affairs in one strong hand, and to pacify their quarrels. This case was a little different: there were no particular scandals in the theatre, nor any such distrustful public or pinpricking censors as in baseball or the movies. But the tendency was the same.

Its latest victims are the restaurant owners. They

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too are now hunting for a keeper, buffer and overlord rolled into one. Perhaps they foresaw that several people were going to be killed by eating arsenic in pie, and wished for a big chief to stem a possible wave of pie-phobia among their customers. They haven't found the right man yet. Very likely they didn't go high enough.

Mr. Hays, with his official background, was exactly the right man. It appeared early in his career that he was alive to his responsibilities. Just before he left Washington he outlined his conception of the job. The movie public, he said, which composes so great a part of our nation, were like children. Give them a toy to play with and they were all right. Leave their hands empty and they would begin to see red and have thoughts about Lord knows what. The movies were the right kind of rattle to put into those restless hands.

So now Mr. Hays has charge of putting the proper sort of rattle into the lives of free men, women and children lest they be corrupted by the idle hours which lead to evil and seditious thoughts. His first business, he takes it, is to make sure that the rattle is thoroughly scrubbed. "Of course," he says, "of course filth must go from pictures. That is as certain as time itself. No one denies it."

"Of course"—the conscience keeper of the restaurant men will be heard to say—"of course arsenic must go from food. No one denies it." We must be prepared for a long line of these keepers who will assert, one after another, that the industry over which they rule must be rid of its particular poison. We must expect to hear often from now on, with regard to baseball, pie-houses, bathing beaches, the press, automobiles, phonographs, what Mr. Hays assures us: "Nothing is wrong with motion pictures—except youth."

The historian may well look back on this age as the one when began that curious spread of the monarchic or monotheistic idea in American business. He will call it the Father-in-Industry Age, or the Century of the Conscience Keepers, or the Era of the Lord High Rattlers. He will note how the younger enterprises first succumbed, and how these enterprises, for one reason or another, on account of arsenic, throwing ballgames or indecency, required Buffer Uncles to nurse them back into popular esteem. He will note the emphasis on morality rather than beauty or use, and seek to find reasons, which we now guess at easily enough, why Mr. Hays and the movie-men, when you talk to them of the emotional release their art gives so many people, think only of pre-release.

Such an historian may record many happenings which we now see only as possibilities. He will perhaps note the growth of a super-Rotary club, of which Mr. Hays, Judge Landis, Mr. Augustus Thomas and whomsever the restaurant trade chooses for its keeper will be charter members, embracing all those who stand between a beleaguered or anxious industry and its ultimate consumer.

He will observe that the movement started among those industries which, while usually thought to be non-essential, nevertheless have value as toys to keep the grown-up children of the nation quiet. Beginning with movies and theatres, custodians of the rattle cropped up successively in the chewing-gum, the college football, the cigarette and the ice-cream industries. Gradually more serious enterprises followed their example. The plumbers were first in line, and secured the services of Mr. Ralph Easley, whose mission it became to persuade hostile ears of the necessity of tearing up ten feet of floor to lay one foot of pipe. He will write down perhaps, the story of the dentists, who appointed Dr. Frank Crane as a buffer between the dentist's chair and its victim, and armed him with the soothing words "It hurts me more than it does you." He will devote a chapter to that conscience keeper who went about the land creating goodwill for his sombre constituents, the undertakers, with the breezy slogan "Eventually—why not now?"

But most interesting of all will be his discovery of the movement which began among politicians who felt that all was not well with the people at home, and who appointed, for the keeping of their morality and consciences, an unofficial super-super Hays-Landis for politics, to explain on the rear platforms of trains that "of course filth must go from American politics" and that "nothing is wrong with America—except youth."

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1922, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER; DANIEL MEBANE, CIRCULATION MANAGER.

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS, FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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Northcliffe Personally

NORTHCLIFFE said:

"Let's go for a drive. But be sure you get me back to the White House at four."

We drove through Rock Creek Park. Northcliffe talked a bit about the calls of birds. He lay back. He dozed. He was very hot, and very tired. We got him back to the White House at four.

We were American correspondents, and we were English correspondents. Other American correspondents came presently. It was the regular day and the regular hour for an interview between the President and the correspondents.

We went into the President's room. We stood before him in a jammed crowd. Northcliffe was about half way back and off toward the left. He noted the President intently.

He had already seen the President alone. It was not enough. He had to see the President as the reporters saw him. He had to note the President as the President talked to the reporters. He had to do the White House reporters' run.

Northcliffe sometimes edited. He sometimes published. He always reported.

He saw Herbert Hoover and then he wanted to see Hiram Johnson. I guided him to Johnson's office in the Capitol. He at once began questioning Johnson about California and Japan. He learned a great deal about California and Japan. He also thereby learned a great deal that had a bearing on Britain and the Pacific.

When we left Johnson, Northcliffe said:

"A strong man. In fact, so strong that I should think he would have much trouble getting nominated by a convention."

We started down the Capitol steps. They are very long. Northcliffe took my arm and said: "I don't like heights." He went down very carefully and slowly.

He did his reporting with much overcoming of his body. He walked with a strange little swaying from side to side as if he were trying to plant his feet down very firmly in order to avoid unsteadiness.

He nevertheless walked much and traveled much. Once in Paris I found him resting for a day in the midst of long travels from country to country by motor. He was solitarily inhabiting a considerable number of enormous rooms. It used to be said of him:

"He seems to get fits of wanting to edit his papers from a grand remote wandering solitude."

On this occasion he was very excited about the strike of the British miners.

"The cut in their wages is too much," he said. "It is too much and too sudden. I asked Lady Northcliffe if she could pull down her household expenses by one third at one time. She said she could not. Neither can a miner's wife."

For him the story was the depth of the cut. Others might talk about the "national pool" of coal. He went to the thing that went home to everybody.

"I don't understand the 'national pool' " he said. "The miners want it. Some of my people say it's impossible. But anyway I like those miners."

"Why?" I said.

"For striking," he said. "For striking against that cut. As long as Britons won't take a blow like that lying down, Britain is Britain."

I told him that I was going to London that night. He said:

"Do you know any of the younger men in the labor movement in London—like G. D. H. Cole?"

I said I knew Cole. Northcliffe said:

"That's good. Be sure you know the younger men in the labor movement. One of them will be Prime Minister some day, and you'll be glad you knew him before having to go to see him at 10 Downing Street."

I asked him:

"And what will England be when one of those young men is Prime Minister?"

He said:

"England."

He always told me that there would be a Labor England and he never told me so with fear or even with anxiety. I never saw him have a tremor about England.

When he told me so positively that England would be England under the premiership of Mr. G. D. H. Cole, I felt it suitable to tell him that I had been writing abominable articles about what I chose to regard as the abominable behavior of some English Black and Tans in Ireland. He claimed that in the Times he had printed worse articles than mine. He liked to think that nobody could attack a British government more viciously than it was getting attacked in Britain.

Then he suddenly began telling stories about bushwhacking in Australia. I could not see why. But after five or six of them he said:

"Lots of Irishmen have gone back from Australia to Ireland. Next time you go to Ireland, see

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if the warfare there isn't being developed by Irishmen who have done bushwhacking in Australia. It seems to me that it's the same sort of warfare. It's an amazing warfare, and how would Irishmen learn it in Ireland?"

He had seen the possibility of putting a story dazzlingly together from opposite ends of the earth. He got a story out of me the very first time I saw him—a dull story but a story.

It was in 1916. It was in London. I had struggled up out of an illness to go and hand him a card of introduction. He was in a room in the offices of the Times. He was on a couch, lying down. He was holding a telephone to his lips. He placed the telephone back on the table and said:

"How do you do? Your President has just sent a message to our government. He asks us our war aims. If our reply is not satisfactory, what can your President do? What can he do without Congress? What are his powers by himself? What does your Constitution say about it? And what are the sentiments of Congress? Will you write me a thousand words about it? I'll print it tomorrow."

I said that I had just got out of bed. He said:

"There's a bed in the next room. Lie down there and I'll send somebody to you to dictate to."

I said: "I'll sit up."

When I came back with my thousand words, he was still lying on the couch. He got up and went to a desk and wrote a title on the thousand words and sent them to the printer and went back to his couch and lay down again. He then started talking about America.

England was his certainty, America his study. He was born in Ireland. He knew America much better than he knew Ireland.

He had a jocular order to his editors that they were not to attack America "till the Americans were shelling Liverpool."

At his place in Kent he tried to Anglicize the American robin. He was accused of having Anglicized many American reporters. He never Anglicized the sympathies of one of them as much as his own sympathies were Americanized.

At his place in Kent he would rest. His throat bothered him. Always there were things being done to it. He would lie on a couch and listen and talk.

There was a garden. There was a phonograph. There was a moving-picture machine. There were a few guests. There was a secretary. There were the day's papers arriving from London in the dark of the morning.

One evening a guest exhibited a moving-picture he had made in the top of a high tree showing a heron in her nest feeding her young. He had made some other pictures, too, showing the home life of other birds. He exhibited them—all through an evening. Northcliffe seemed entirely happy that evening. He never could see too many birds.

If his American guests twitted him about England, he always had a certain rejoinder that he was sure to level at America.

A neighbor came in wearing extraordinary clothes. They were extraordinary separately and they were still more extraordinary assembled. Everyone of them was in itself a shriek of cut and of color, and together they were a collision of all the hours of the day.

When these clothes had been borne away by their wearer, Northcliffe said triumphantly:

"There you are! There's not an American of his position living that would dare to wear those clothes! Not one! He simply wouldn't dare! Would he?"

Northcliffe liked to think that Britons were more individually wilful than Americans.

He had a copy of George Saintsbury's Notes on My Wine Cellar—a delicious book. I was buried —or drowned—in it. Northcliffe took it out of my hands and wrote a few words on the flyleaf and handed it back to me as both a gift and a taunt. The words on the flyleaf were:

"To William Hard on his way back to his country. From a happy wet to a sad, sad dry."

Northcliffe liked to think that Britons were less regulated than Americans. If Americans handed him a British failing, he handed them back "American uniformity."

He imposed regulation on himself. In the evening he went away to bed while his guests stayed up. In the dark of the morning he got up while his guests slept. There were the papers then from London, and there was a cup of tea, and there were hours of editing and directing before breakfast.

Afterward there was the world. He had to see it. He had to tour it. He had to carry a thought of his health with him through it; and on top of that thought he put a thought about everybody else's health.

I took Dudley Field Malone once to see him, and the business of the visit almost got lost under an immediate consideration of the question whether Mr. Malone had good health while in London, or not, and why.

He was a reporter of things but still more a reporter of persons; and if he himself was the person who had done something interesting he was charmed to report Lord Northcliffe.

On his last trip through Washington his controversy with Lord Curzon, and his consequent stay

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at a hotel instead of with Sir Auckland Geddes at the British Embassy, furnished him with a story that was the best of the moment. I found him at his hotel with Wickham Steed and Willmott Lewis getting that story out to his papers with a perfect delight—perfect because on that story he certainly was in a position to beat the world.

Hotel attendants were bringing up pieces of ice and putting them into bath-tubs. The water of a Washington summer was too warm to bathe in without refrigeration.

Northcliffe suffered as he went from State Department to Commerce Department to White House to Capitol. He was large. He got limp. He dozed. He revived. He went on.

He went on across the continent and across the Pacific. The last word I had from him was on the stationery of a P. & O. boat somewhere in the Southern Seas. He let me know some things that he had picked up about Filipinos and Moros. They were useful to me to know.

He lifted stories. He shared stories. He saw stories and sought them. If now he is dying—or has died—in London, I think of him nevertheless on the S. S. Nyanza in the Southern Seas thinking of the story he would find at Singapore.

And wherever he is buried I shall go there some day and if the words written over him say that he was a great owner of properties I shall want to erase them and in their place I shall want to write:

"He loved Britain and he loved reporting and he sought stories and the future of Britain everywhere."

WILLIAM HARD.

The Valuta Tourist

I DINED in a very fashionable restaurant in a big German city a day or two since. I do not usually dine at such places because I prefer simple food, but I wished to do honor to a German friend who was very good to me in the old days before the war. He used to be a rich man then, having an income derived from gilt-edged securities of some 150,000 marks—say, 35,000 dollars a year. He has the same income now, but all he can buy with it at the latest quotation is 400 dollars' worth, which does not go very far in a year.

It was not a very cheerful reunion, though I ordered a bottle of real "Berncastler Doctor," which is a very good wine, and cost me nearly fifty cents. My friend did his best to talk about the old student days, or days later spent in America when the bogy of warring nationalities had not arisen. But his mind was too full of the price of foodstuffs and the murder of Dr. Rathenau, and although I consider myself a tactful conversationalist I could not find a single subject which he could discuss with any approach to cheerfulness.

The restaurant was highly gilded and altogether correct, but it was not very full. Close to me was a table, evidently reserved, and set for four persons, with very elegant floral decorations. We had nearly finished our dinner when the party arrived. There were two men and two women, all middle-aged and very clamantly dressed. The women wore what appeared to be, and I have no doubt were, pearl necklaces—very large pearl necklaces—and the men showed more jewelry than is customary. They were evidently very rich indeed and very pleased that everyone should know it. They all had cocktails before the dinner began—two cocktails apiece—and they rated the waiter and the winewaiter and the headwaiter very severely, because they were not to their liking. They rated him in fluent, very fluent, Anglo-Saxon.

I was pleased at their appearance, pointing out to my friend that the return of Anglo-Saxons of wealth and position to Germany showed that people were beginning to forget the war and its horrors, and presaged a return to the good old days when it was permitted to like a man irrespective of his nationality without being considered a traitor. He regarded our neighbors without enthusiasm and replied that they were "Valuta" tourists. They were.

I am not, I hope, a Paul Pry, but I could not help overhearing the discussion with the headwaiter. I believe indeed that I was intended to overhear it. They had cocktails, as I have said, and they had several sorts of wine including French champagne, and they had the best dinner that the establishment afforded. As I have said, I prefer simple food, but it was the very best. Then they had coffee, Benedictine—real Benedictine—and very good cigars, cigarettes for the ladies, and more Benedictine and whiskys and sodas and then they had the bill. The bill came to some 8,000 marks—with another 10 percent for the waiter. If you translate it into Anglo-Saxon money it was about twenty-five dollars for the four of them. I would have defied them to get such a dinner in New York, without wine, for the price, or in London, with wine, for thrice the money, or

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in Paris at a restaurant frequented by foreigners for five times that amount. But they were very much annoyed and they said so with heat. I think they were pleased to say so, for I saw them glance in our direction as if for approval. They sent for the manager, who spoke Anglo-Saxon, and they told him what they thought about things—quite a number of things, including the late war, with frequent references to "Boches" and "Huns" and "Fritzes" and similar pleasantries. Then the ladies drew their furs about them—they were very handsome furs—despite the season, and the party departed to the extremely handsome automobile which was awaiting them outside the restaurant.

Now I do not want it to be understood that these were people of the first fashion. They were not. If they lived in London, I think their home was on the south side of the Thames and if in New York, on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. I doubt if they would have been considered wealthy in either city, and I should add that I am quite sure they included Germans among their ancestors. But whatever their ancestry or position, there is no doubt that they were very noisome people. What is more, they, or their like are doing a good deal of harm just now—and not to Germany alone.

If anything more than their own troubles were necessary to drive the Germans to that state of desperation in which people do foolish things without caring for the consequences, it would be such a spectacle as I have described. Perhaps the most galling part of it must be that these "Valuta" tourists, as the Germans call them, are so obviously of the very lowest classes of their respective countries, with manners to match, and have not even the excuse that new riches have turned their heads. They have obviously come to Germany because they can wallow in luxury for a price which would procure them only third-rate comfort in England or America.

The most obvious danger of their presence to Germany is that they make the Germans resent the visit of any foreigners whatever, that they go out of their way to be unpleasant to them, to overcharge them or to super-tax them. Accordingly the foreigner is increasingly stopping away, which is a bad thing from several points of view. It drives the Germans more and more into an artificial Coventry; it plays increasingly into the hands of the reactionary, and it prevents foreigners from learning for themselves the true facts about Germany. And, after all, it is not until the nations begin to know each other again that there can be any hope of a real renewal of peace conditions.

OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER.

Frankfurt a. M.

Vitamin "Preparations" or Victuals?

FOLLOW the advertised prescriptions for vitamins and you will soon be nourished by everything but food. Chemical nomenclature is sufficiently incomprehensible without adding to the mysterious vitamins the enigmatic labels, A, B, C, D, etc. Little wonder then that a credulous public falls prey to the skilful advertising which not only offers to treat everything from pimply skin to pellagra, but even promises a new supply of "pep," by the simple expedient of swallowing a given number of tasteless tablets. In a word, the evils of the twentieth century are to be dispelled by one of its newer scientific discoveries.

Yet the chemical composition of vitamins still eludes the foremost scientists of our day. To be sure, only recently there appeared in the press the announcement of the "vitamic discovery" which was to aid humanity. By a method still unrevealed, a single substance was said to be obtained which combined the properties of all vitamins. A single spoonful of vitamic would ameliorate the condition of "a great many persons, including those presumably healthy who are unscientifically nourished because they eat food lacking in sufficient vitamic properties." In fact so much discussion of the chemical components of our food, the carbohydrates, proteins, and even vitamins, would lead us to agree with Stephen Leacock, who insists that in all good households that kind of stuff is put down the kitchen sink before the food gets on the table.

The chemistry of vitamins, "growth promoting substances" or "food accessories" as some more conservative investigators prefer to call them, continues to be problematic. Nevertheless, the vitamins have been rather definitely grouped according to their properties, chief among these being their solubility in various reagents. Those which are soluble in fat have been called "Fat Soluble A." They have a wide distribution and are to be found in milk, egg yolk, beef, cod liver oil, also oil margarines, cabbage, etc. Those soluble in water are called "Water Soluble B" or antineuritic vitamins. They occur in milk, unpolished rice, yeast, peanuts, kidney beans, etc. Many animal and vegetable foods such as dairy products, greens, etc. contain an abundance of both types. Vitamin C, called antiscorbutic because it protects against scurvy, is present in fruit juices. The later alphabetical additions to the ever growing family of vitamins are still the subject of considerable debate so that it is somewhat premature to mention their properties.

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But it must be remembered that the specificity of vitamins is absolute. This means that one vitamin cannot be substituted for another, since each is supposed to fulfill a definite nutritional function. Fortunately, the actual amounts of vitamins required by the human body are exceedingly small and there is no indication that an excess confers any benefits.

According to the newer conceptions in medicine, the lack of certain constituents in the dietary may occasion serious diseases or functional disorders often obscure in nature. It was in the investigation of such diseases that the importance of vitamins was first established. The effects of vitamin deficiency have appeared most striking in times of war, stress and famine, as well as in prisons, army camps, on shipboard, in the Arctic, and in infancy.

The use of fresh vegetables, fruit juices, etc. can promptly relieve these disorders. In this connection it has been stated that in temperate zones the development or nondevelopment of scurvy depends largely on the potato crop. In Ireland as well as Norway when the potato crop failed, scurvy developed. To a minor degree this happened in various localities in the United States in 1914 when the potato crop was inadequate. Beri-beri, likewise, is a disease which is caused by the absence of vitamins and interestingly enough occurs where polished rice represents the sole article of diet, as in the Philippines. When patients suffering from this disease are fed some unpolished rice the symptoms immediately disappear, showing that the rice hull contains the necessary substances.

Recently the rôle of vitamins in rickets has been investigated. This is the most common nutritional disease occurring among the children of the temperate zone. In fact it has been stated that fully three-fourths of the infants of great cities such as New York show rachitic signs to some degree. Furthermore, rickets has the distinction of being the most frequently overlooked disorder of childhood—an important omission in view of the fact that we have an efficient cure. Cod liver oil is an unfailing remedy for rickets.

Significant correlations have been established between deficiency in nutrition and infection. Bodily resistance is lowered when vitamins are not adequately supplied. Thus grippe has developed frequently along with scurvy. Curiously this holds for animals as well. Not only do the lowest forms of animal and plant life, such as the bacteria, fungi, etc., appear to need certain "growth promoting substances," but the need of higher plants and mammals for vitamins seems to be of importance.

It is obvious from the present status of our knowledge that vitamins are important if obscure factors in nutrition; that their deficiency causes serious diseases and that this deficiency may be readily corrected and the disorders alleviated by the proper administration of foods containing vitamins, principal among these being milk, fresh vegetables and fruit juices. But a question of even more immediate concern to most of us is whether it is necessary to resort to the commercial preparations which purport to give us vitamins in concentrated form. Recently the claims advanced for some of the most widely advertised of these preparations have been subjected to critical investigation and the report published in the Journal of the American Medical Association. Dr. E. V. McCollum of Johns Hopkins University, one of the leading authorities on vitamins, comes to the following conclusion: "The claims set forth on the labels of the medicinal values of these preparations are extravagant and misleading. They do not contain the vitamin B in concentrated form as they are represented to do. The marketing of these preparations represents an attempt, and unfortunately a successful one, to substitute a commercial vitamin propaganda for the nefarious 'patent medicine' business which the American Medical Association has done during the last twenty years so much to suppress for the protection of the public." This leaves precious little to be said for these commercial preparations even if they were required. In point of fact the American Medical Association has gone on record through the report of its Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry as follows; "1. The claim that deficiency of Vitamin B and diseases resulting therefrom are common conditions in the United States is not at this time supported by adequate acceptable evidence. 2. The claim that yeast preparations or extracts are in principle or in general essentially more effective or more practical or more available means of administering vitamins than the commonly available vitamin-containing foods is not at this time supported by adequate acceptable evidence. 3. The claim that therapy with yeast or yeast preparations has as yet more than an experimental status is not at this time supported by adequate acceptable evidence. Preparations for which such claims are made directly or by implication or in one-sided quotations, in advertisements or letters or by salesmen, cannot be admitted to or retained in New and Nonofficial Remedies" (a list of remedies of bonafide value).

Apparently vitamin deficiency is not as prevalent as some would have us believe nor does its alleviation depend on manufactured tablets. Rather we must turn to an intelligent dietary to supply those elements of nutrition. The increase in urban population in the past century has been responsible for certain dietary standards and food distribution.

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There has been a movement towards the consumption of highly milled cereal products. Further, the preparation, preservation and storage of foods, which have been the requirements of such a civilization, have robbed our dietary of much of its nutritive value while safeguarding our food from deterioration and ourselves from disease. Thus the overrefining of cereal grains represents a loss in vitamins but permits the preservation of white flour. Sterilization of milk and the canning of vegetables and fruits injures some of the vitamin properties but protects against bacterial poisons and decomposition products. As Dr. Holt has pointed out, infants are most likely to be injured by the sterilization of milk by heating, since by this process vitamin C is destroyed, while apparently vitamins A and B remain uninjured. Consequently, it is imperative to counteract this danger by adding some antiscorbutic, such as orange juice, to the diet of infants reared on sterilized milk.

Once the number of calories consumed was regarded as the criterion for proper nutrition, but of late we have come to realize that low caloried foods contain vitamins which are essential. A diet consisting principally of white bread, meat, potatoes and sugar, which is fairly common in this country, requires prompt modification in the light of the abundant research in nutrition which has already been reported. Milk and leafy vegetables are of prime importance. Dietary reforms should include a liberal supply of these foods. The regular consumption each day of a quart of milk, or its equivalent in the form of manufactured dairy products, as well as a liberal amount of raw salad and cooked greens would insure a supply of vitamins far beyond that which could be purchased in tablet form.

The following table reprinted by courtesy of the Journal of the American Medical Association shows at a glance the vitamins present in different foods.

VITAMINS IN FOODS

	"A"	"B"	"C"
Bread, White (Water)	?	*	—
Bread, White (Milk)	*	*	?
Bread, Whole Wheat (Water)	*	**	?
Bread, Whole Wheat (Milk)	**	**	?
Barley (Whole)	*	**	—
Corn, Yellow	*	**	—
Oats	*	**	—
Meat, Lean	—to*	*?	*?
Beef Fat	*	—	—
Mutton Fat	*	—	—
Oleomargarine	*	—	—
Liver	**	**	*
Kidney	**	**	*?
Sweetbreads	*	*	‡
Fish, Lean	—	*	‡
Fish Fat	*	*	‡
Fish Roe	*	**	*?
Milk, Fresh	***	**	*v
Milk, Condensed	***	**	*v
Milk, Skimmed	*	**	*v
Buttermilk	*	**	*v
Cream	***	**	*v
Butter	***	—	—
Cheese	**	‡	‡
Eggs	**	*	*?
Almonds	*	*	‡
Coconut	*	**	‡
Hickory Nuts	‡	**	‡
Peanuts	*	**	‡
Pecans	‡	*	‡
Walnuts	‡	**	‡
Tomatoes (Raw or Canned)	**	***	***
Beans, Kidney	‡	***	‡
Beans, String (Fresh)	**	**	**
Cabbage, Fresh Raw	*	***	*?
Cabbage, Cooked	*	**	*?
Carrots, Fresh Raw	**	**	**
Carrots, Cooked	**	*	*
Cauliflower	*	**	*
Celery	‡	*	‡
Cucumber	‡	*	‡
Eggplant, Dried	‡	**	‡
Lettuce	**	**	***
Onions	‡	**	**
Parsnip	—?	**	‡
Peas	**	**	*?
Potatoes (Boiled 15 min.)	‡	**	*?
Potatoes (Baked)	‡	**	*
Sweet Potatoes	**	*	‡
Spinach, Fresh	***	***	‡
Spinach, Dried	***	**	‡
Squash, Hubbard	**	‡	‡
Turnips	—?	**	‡
Apples	*	*	*
Bananas	*?	*?	*
Grape Juice	‡	*	*
Grapefruit	‡	**	**
Lemon Juice	‡	**	***
Orange Juice	*	**	***
Prunes	‡	*	—
Raspberries (Raw or Canned)	‡	‡	***

* Contains the Vitamin.
** Good source of Vitamin.
*** Excellent source of Vitamin.
— No appreciable amount of Vitamin.
? Doubt as to presence or relative amount.
‡ Evidence lacking or insufficient.
v Variable.

A well balanced diet should include an adequate supply of proteins, carbohydrates, fat, mineral salts and vitamins. The presence of the latter cannot compensate for the absence of the former. Obviously the best method of obtaining sufficient vitamins is through the proper selection of foods. This requires but little effort. It is not at the drug store, but in the dairy, the grocery and the market that vitamins should be purchased.

NICHOLAS AND LILLIAN KOPELOFF.

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The Proletcult

WHAT characterizes Moscow this year is a curious emotional ebb. Despite the fact that the Soviet government is more assured than ever before, and that a reviving though rather specious busyness makes the town lively, half my revolutionary friends were played out, spent. Whether it was because so many of them were tired, and underfed on herrings and frozen potatoes and any-old-leaf kinds of tea, or whether it was the uncertainty as to which high hopes of the revolution were to last and which were to be traded off for foreign capital and peasant consent, I do not know. Spiritually things were at low tide. It was discouraging to look around and know that many new and beautiful experiments, on the verge of success, were about to be abandoned. Many of Lunacharsky's best open-air schools had been closed. The orphans, now so numerous because of the famine, were no longer to be treated as heirs of all the ages. The government had no money.

The Proletcult had rented part of its auditorium to a movie. Pletnov assured me that this was not the beginning of the end of the Theatre of Proletarian Culture, but even Pletnov, rugged, cheerful, passionately interested man, had something wistful in his voice. He wasn't altogether certain that it would last. That was why he wanted me to write down the history of his department of the Russian Revolution—"so that elsewhere someone else can go on with our schemes, work after us, if it should happen we cannot work together."

Pletnov himself was a worker, a carpenter and joiner. Before the revolution he worked in Moscow and Petrograd factories, in railway yards, aviation fields and on the docks. Thanks to the department of police, he came to know all parts of Russia. Twice he was banished, once to Vologda and once to Siberia. Since 1904 he had been a member of the Social Democratic Party, and a Marxian. When the revolution came he was for a few months president of the economic council in Turkestan. When Denikin attacked, he joined the Soviet army.

Since 1909 he had been interested in the expressive cultural life of the masses. In the early days of the revolution he had been set to writing on the fuel problem, and later on the peasant handicrafts. In 1919 he began to write plays and arrange dramatizations. He had written a play around the famous Lena strike, one of the revolutionary mileposts. He had dramatized The Flango, The Revenger, The Prayer of the Carpenter, The Affairs of Street Pedlars, The Strike and many others. I met him one night after seeing his dramatization of Jack London's The Mexican. Every American reader knows London's story of the Mexican revolutionist who goes into a prize fight to win money to buy guns for his revolutionary comrades. The commercial interests who run sports try to throw the fight to the professional. The Russian audience booed when the referee cheated at his counting. They rose up in their seats and swung their arms. "It's rottenly unfair!" I pounded on the soiled plush of my box railing myself. I felt suddenly a child again, when there was no gap between the melodrama on the Indiana Opera House stage and me in a seat. It was a simple play about a square deal and the rights of humble people. It was beautifully, grotesquely staged, without fatiguing realism. The people in the audience were workers from Moscow factories admitted on free tickets given out with their wages. The players on the stage were workers from Moscow and district factories. Some of them still worked every day at their machines. Some of them had shown such zeal and talent that they were working full time in one of the studios of the Proletcult, learning all branches of theatrical work. Some nights they scene-shifted; some nights they had parts. By day they rehearsed, or helped in the scene painting. A few of them had lessons in some of the other studios of the Proletcult. In one studio, called the Vocalplastical studio, a choir of sixty voices was being trained, and lessons in piano, violin and old Russian instruments were given regularly.

What makes the Proletcult Theatre different from other theatres, I asked Pletnov—thought already I knew the answer. He said that the theatre was founded on the principle of collectivism. In the organization and management of the theatre that principle had been followed. The plays were chosen to put forward collectivism. The greatest material in the world for creative art was the history of the struggle of the workers. In the Proletcult repertoire an effort is made to do away with hero worship. In The Mexican, the hero seemed to be Rebera but he is represented unrealistically—a marionette, the representative of the will of his comrades, a voice important only because he speaks what is in the heart of his fellows. In Lena, there was no hero. The heroic pictures in the play were pictures of the mass, the strikers going single file at sunrise along a snowy Siberian roadway to fetch their martyred dead. Pletnov told me of other plays, plays about the French Revolution, about the Middle Ages and the struggle of guildsmen with the masters, about the Pyramids. "They are called the Pyramids of Cheops, but they were the Pyramids of the slaves, of the people. We aim to teach the masses their own

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strength, their own power to rebel against all yokes, their power to build and make not for others but for themselves."

"Some of our plays," he said, "are written by our directors and the players all together. Whoever has an idea speaks and the others criticize. Some of our Tales of Work are being put on that way with no author. We are making actors who are not only able to repeat the words of an author, but can themselves help in creating revolutionary bufanads, tragedies and lyric poems. We consciously endeavor to use again the old folk-process of creation. We are all of one class. We try to have everyone in our theatre able to work on all phases of the theatre, or at least be able to understand, because of experience, what his fellow workers are doing. Each one in the course of his training in the studio must study decoration, undertake research for the staff. All of us study politics and social science, that we shall never lose track of our place with regard to the whole social order. We want actors who are educated men and women, students of political economy and of our Soviet institutions. We never allow more than ten percent of our members to be recruited from amongst the intelligentsia. While the masses are still so unlearned in the expression of their needs and aspirations, we must take no chance of their expression being overpowered or overawed by more vocal classes. It is important that the masses should understand that the players are of themselves, and that the energy to play is not a mystic faculty of a class of persons removed from themselves."

The Proletcult is governed by a central committee elected by an All-Russian Congress of District Proletcults. From the central committee of twenty a praesidium of seven is chosen which is the ideological and practical organ directing all activities, and sending roots down to the District Proletcult committees and through them into the factories. The studios established in the factories feed the districts, and from the districts a few of the most talented go to Moscow to work. When studios are first started in a factory town, many want to join. In the summer troops of these factory workers turned players went on the road, playing to miners in the Don Basin, to steel workers in Siberia, to factory hands in the Ukraine, to cotton pickers in Turkestan. When I asked Pletnov what relation the Proletcult Theatres had to the Theatre of Revolutionary Satire, run by Kamenev's wife, with professional actors, and why this theatre had failed, he said, "It was quite a separate theatre. They tried to give plays about the historical development of the revolution, but they could not do it with the old actors trained to please a bourgeois public. Such actors could repeat revolutionary phrases but they could not build a new proletarian theatre. The new theatre must have a newly educated actor. There is no way to get the men and women whom we need except, after choosing our talent from amongst the people, to let the new artists slowly evolve." When I asked Pletnov what the artists in the state theatres—including the Moscow Art Theatre—thought of the Proletcult, he answered: "The state artists hate the Proletcult actors. They do not count them as artists, but only as strangers and amateurs on the stage. We called a session of Moscow artists, but the state artists refused to attend. It was beneath their dignity."

The propaganda in the Proletcult plays is not merely that of putting forward the collectivist idea. Not only does it dramatize the social whole, the workers' mass, pumping up a jubilant class consciousness among the workers, but it tries to knock at specific doors and demand entrance for the workers. One farce, not quite up to Molière's ridicule of bluestockings, to be sure, describes a scientific lecturer who is explaining that the earth is about to collide with a planet. Though he is speaking in Russian, nobody understands him. The thrust is at science for building up a language that only scientists can understand. So far, there have been no sex plays, unless Don't Go, which was produced last winter, can be called one. It is the story of a man and a woman in the 1905 revolution. Pletnov describes it: "The woman is not yet a comrade. She is a wife and a mother. She does not want her husband to go into the revolution. She is stifling the will of the worker. Usually in the Proletcult plays, as in Lena for instance, the woman is a comrade and helper, a voice encouraging the workers to win their strike, not a creature with beaux." All their plays are revolutionary plays. Pletnov said it enthusiastically. He had had a letter from America from Frida Strindberg and Upton Sinclair asking the Proletcult to send them some plays, but please not plays of a revolutionary character. Lenin's wife had forwarded him the letter. He was happy that all his plays were revolutionary, every one.

The Proletcult has other activities besides its theatres, but the famine and the new economic policy have cut down the funds. The theatres, however, have such a lusty start that they will keep on for another year, for both Lenin and Krupskaia, his wife, who is at the head of the department of political education, favor this apparatus for forcing class conscious expression as an important tool in building a new order.

ERNESTINE EVANS.

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Dear Mr. Chaplin

DEAR MR. CHAPLIN: You get hundreds of letters every week no doubt, but I have seen your last picture—which they say completes your contract and leaves you free to do what you like—and I must write to say that I hope this will indeed be the last of its kind and that now you will go on to a larger field. How many people have said this to you I have no way of knowing. But your friends, I am sure, in so far as they are able to see, must have said it often.

This is how it stands. You have created one of the great clowns of all time. This Charlie of yours needs no portrait anywhere: he is foolish, pathetic, irrepressible, flickering, comical, lovable beyond all words; he is light as air; he is a blunderer with a heart not solid but worn like a flower on a child's sleeve; a sexless gallantry; he is a tireless curiosity drawn to things as a monkey to a peephole or a moth to a flame; a gentle blithe dreamer and acrobat; a mask; he is a little, grotesque music; a dear laughter carried lightly in everybody's breast; a gay, shy classic; a world figment.

But you have finished your creation. It was perfect long ago. Already it begins to slow down. It shows a falling off in invention and zest; it shows a kind of boredom in you despite the great art with which you sustain the flow of it, the lightness, the airy intensity. Better still it is than all the clowns in the world put together could do, or comic artists anywhere; but it is yet not quite its own best; it is a little weak judged by itself. You have the achievement of it, however, to rest on, whatever happens, whatever you turn to. And you have your own genius and accomplishments to go forward on. The greatest actor in English you are very easily. You have a technique completely finished for your needs so far; an absolute accuracy of the body and the idea, a perfect identification of gesture and intention. You have the musical quality without which no acting is consummate; it appears in your incomparable fluidity of action and in your beautiful, unbroken continuity of style. You have precision and extraordinary economy. You have invention. And—what is the last test—you have been able to give to all this craft and abundance of technical resource that final genius of vitality that makes it really universal, of the people, who long before the critics ever knew of you recognized your credit though your craft was hid from them.

But with all this you have done only one thing. Why not go on? There are so many things that you could do. There is Liliom for example. What could you not do with that part where Mr. Schildkraut made it a rôle that was expert only, always crowded in motif and business and nearly always touched with vulgarity and insistence? You could do He Who Gets Slapped. Or with study you could do Peer Gynt, and many other parts. But better than all of these, you could do new things written by you or for you, things in which you would use your full endowment, comic and otherwise. And finally you might do the one most important of all things so far as moving pictures go, and that is to develop things calculated strictly for it and for no other art, made up out of its essential quality, which is visual motion and not mere stage drama photographed. In sum, you might really create in terms of the moving picture as you have already created in terms of character.

But all this will have to be a real change, Mr. Chaplin, or at least a real and definite openness to change and to new embarkations. It cannot be done by writing Charles instead of Charlie on the billboards, or altering the make-up of your eyes and mustache or shortening your riotous shoes. Such ventures in change amount to nothing and get nowhere. Go in at your full tilt. Go in for what you yourself like, for what satisfies you completely. And say that if the taste of the public does not like your work the taste of the public will have to change.

I think we can all understand some of the difficulties you have to struggle with when you think of taking such a step. There is first of all the natural desire to hold on to what you have won for yourself, to your enormous following. And always, of course, there are people around you who at the very mention of it will tell you that you will lose your place in the sun; who will try to hold you back, out of ignorance or kind solicitude or avarice or jealousy or general timidity. And there is the dread that you might feel of having your serious efforts laughed at, though you can master that if you choose, and can even use it to great ends, use superbly this tension and confusion of laughter and tears together. And not least in your way there is the peculiar money standard in our theatre, not the love of money exactly but its acceptance as a guage of success, a measure of an actor's height; and you, naturally, may be human enough to compete with the others on their own grounds, however little they can compete with you on what is really yours. But all this is obvious: you know your own dream.

The truth is, you—like many an artist and many men not artists in America just now—are at the crossroads. You have got to choose. It grows clearer and clearer to us all that we are like children getting what we want, but what we want only in competition with each other, not profoundly, not out of ourselves. As time goes on and our relative values get more and more defined, we observe that much of the kind of success we see means only more gasoline, more food, more Victrola records made by other people, more motion. It is forced on us that if we want more life we must look ahead to get it, and must choose what after all we will go after if we are not to be lost. We can see at any artists' club, the crowd of such as have taken for their art the watchword of business success, poor wise arrivals who knew how to play the game, knew what the public wanted and put it over as soap and collars and varnishes are put over with us, and who are now empty-faced, gregarious, unsubtle, unoriginal, bored, vivacious and stale. The necessity for a choice has grown very clear. These last few years especially for many an artist and many another man have been a comment on that experience that Francis Thompson wrote of, that divine pursuit, that flight down the nights and days and arches of the years, and the labyrinthine ways of one's own mind, and in the midst of tears, and under running laughter, from those strong feet that followed, followed after. The folly of that flight is one of those spiritual practicalities we cannot dodge, the common sense of the soul.

And whatever you may think, the cold facts remain, the truth in plainsong. Your public has had an instinct. It has liked the right thing, the best to be had. But the large public is like the natural world: it uses up for its own ends what it finds and then throws it aside. For a while, then, your great public will like, as it has liked, your best art as it comes along. Then later you will have the humiliation and the disillusionment of seeing them applaud equally or even more loudly—partly as the fruit of long habit—your less good things, applaud the bad more than the good was applauded. And this is the bitter last scene of all for a great artist, who can only sustain it easily by increased vanity and egotism. The public's way—which is nature's

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—of using and throwing aside is right almost, however cruel; for otherwise we should have in the end a survival of what is worse than dead. And yet there is a degree of devotion and survival that is a good thing. There is a degree of permanence of interest and of ideal relationship to art, among cultured men, that is good for art and its complete unfolding; just as there is a degree—though strictly limited and easily carried to unhealthy excess—of sublimation of the natural body into something of more ideality and a more permanent essence. And this you would find among a more cultured audience, of the judicious, as Hamlet would say, however few they might be at first compared to your old millions. And then, too, there is the hard biological fact not to be blinked, of your going off, the sheer physical decline from perfection. And, whether that descent has already begun or not, it is certain at least that this particular thing that you have done is possible physically only a few years more. The spring will go out of it.

And, in conclusion, dear Mr. Chaplin, the main thing is that you be happy as an artist in your own living. And that one can see from your pictures you are not. You have your dreams, we can see that, a passionate and delicate insurgence within you, a poetry and a music and a poignancy that eats into you. One feels that this man we see there on the screen knows very well that most of the people around him know little about him; knows that he has accepted too much cheap praise already and inferior court. He knows that he, like any creative artist, must always be alone and strange, as the mystery of creation is always alone in the material world; he must always be alone exactly as that little figure of his Charlie always stands out from any scene around him by its wistful luster and pathetic vividness. And this pathos, but half expressed, is what gives you now a good part of your appeal—for even little boys want to take you in their arms as they do their teddybears. It is like the pathos of life itself, which arises from our sense in life of the half-expressed, the passionate and tender and violent pushing against the dumb obstacles of fact and matter. If in your work this pathos goes no further than it does now, it will in time be lessened and gradually become a gap, a lack, or a mere pitifulness and half-defeat. But if you carry what is yourself further toward its full expression in a more complete art you will express more *life*, something more beautiful, comic, tragic, and profoundly characteristic of you. That of course is what you want, one sees it behind that mask of yours. And it seems only fair to tell you that there are those among your admirers who want you to have it, and believe that you need not fail except as every artist must fail, by comparison, as Leopardi said, with your own dream.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Industrial War in Chicago

SIR: My attention has been called to the article appearing in your issue of June 7th by Mr. George E. Hooker, entitled Industrial War in Chicago. Mr. Hooker has stated half truths, omitted important facts, and so emphasized unessentials as to leave the reader with what I consider an entirely erroneous understanding of the situation. He criticises one of the contestants, but says hardly a word as to the underlying casus belli. It is as if one would attempt to discredit the Belgians as the aggressors in the war with Germany because they fired the first shot, by slurring over the fact that the German army had invaded Belgian territory.

The building industry in Chicago has been rotten for years. Thoroughly unionized, there has grown up a condition of combinations on material and for fixing prices, restrictive working rules, soldiering, and tremendous graft that has levied an ever-increasing tribute upon every owner and rent payer in the city. Hardly a wagon load of wreckage could be removed without the owner paying petty graft. A price was fixed upon every building, and through trumped-up jurisdictional strikes, work was held up until the tribute was paid. This illicit money never went to the workers, who were simply pawns in the game and who lost their wages while striking, but went to a gang of so-called labor leaders who had gotten possession of the offices by the use of a band of satellite sluggers and professional gunmen. So bold had these criminals become that through their supposed political power and through the antiquated criminal laws of Illinois, they considered themselves immune from the police, the prosecuting attorney, and even the judges and jurors. Many prospective jurors testified under oath that they were afraid to sit on labor cases lest they or their families should suffer harm or death.

The Dailey Commission, like the Lockwood Commission, developed a mass of evidence but not a quarter of what everybody knew existed. Conditions had become so bad, the completion of buildings so difficult and the cost so high, that the public finally went on strike. As a result of these conditions, while the price of clothing, food, fuel and furniture had declined 21 percent since the peak, rents had increased 33 percent, and the renter, instead of paying the normal 25 percent of his income for housing, was compelled to pay 40 percent, 50 percent and even 60 percent.

In May, 1921, the contractors, in an attempt to reduce the cost of building and to stimulate business, asked for a cut from $1.25 to $1.00 per hour, with the result of a strike. Arbitration was finally proposed by the unions, and the unions themselves proposed Judge Kenesaw M. Landis of the federal bench as arbiter. All parties to the conspiracy—material men, contractors and the unions alike—were thoroughly sick of the extremes to which conditions had developed, and contrary to Mr. Hooker's statement, gave Judge Landis not only authority to fix the wage scales, but also to clean up the general conditions.

The fact that in certain trades the contractors and the unions refused to clean house, but, together, insisted upon a continuation of some of their nefarious practices, compelled the arbiter to clean up the agreements on his own initiative. Of course, if a crooked labor contract gouging the public is a private matter between the employer and labor, and the public has no interest, Mr. Hooker's position is quite correct, but the reader should remember that both parties had agreed that the arbiter was to clean house, and because he undertook his job seriously and performed it intelligently and courageously, he should not be accused of bad faith and overstepping his authority.

The carpenters were not members to the arbitration, claiming that their by-laws prohibited them from arbitrating. At the handing down of the award, the carpenters refused to accept its principles or its wages, demanding that the old conditions and the $1.25 per hour wage should continue. The contractors were, therefore, faced with the dilemma that they either had to resist the carpenters' demand or to admit that those unions which had agreed to the arbitration and shown a willingness to rehabilitate the industry should be penalized thereby. To the honor of the contractors, they determined that they would not allow the carpenters' union to continue the criminal conditions that had so long prevailed, and upon the final refusal of the carpenters' union to make a reasonable contract, non-union men were put to work.

The plumbers, lathers, composition roofers, and slate and tile roofers repudiated the agreement. Because the sheet metal workers, glaziers and fixture hangers, both contractors and unions, insisted upon provisions in their agreements entirely contrary to the principles laid down by the arbiter, he refused to allow them to be parties to the award.

Had the carpenters' union, whose ambition was to entirely control the building trades, accepted the Landis award, there would have been no "war" in Chicago, but encouraged by their stand, certain other union leaders saw that the acceptance of

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the Landis award would permanently cut off their powers to call sympathetic strikes and thus levy graft, and continued this fight, not in behalf of the rank and file of the unions, but for their own selfish and criminal purposes.

The Citizens' Committee inherited the carpenters' strike, but with the other eleven unions which are now "outlawed," in each case the Committee and the contractors spent from three weeks to three months in attempting to persuade them to accept the award; even bringing many of the presidents of the international unions to Chicago to attempt to persuade the locals to accept it. These unions were told plainly that the last thing the Committee desired was to have an open rupture with them, but that work in Chicago had to go along under the Landis award and that if they would not accept it, other men would have to be found who would do so, and that once non-union men were put on, they would be retained and the trade would be declared open shop permanently.

Union men were not prohibited from working in these trades. The Committee simply asked them to sign personally an agreement which the unions had repudiated—that they would work under the terms of the Landis award peacefully with their fellow craftsmen and would not strike. They were left free to retain their union membership should they so prefer, and the fact that several thousand are working under these conditions is conclusive proof that the Committee is not trying to kill unionism.

The personnel of the Citizens' Committee has been criticised by Mr. Hooker. The creation of this Committee was requested by the contractors, who found that cleaning up a mess of from ten to twenty years' standing was more than their resources could stand. Individuals interested in the building business were purposely left off the Committee because the Committee wanted to be free from all entangling alliances and to represent only the third party—the public—which was most vitally interested. The Committee was also purposely made up of red-blooded men who had the good name of Chicago at heart and who were willing to fight for it, just as pacifists had been left off the general staff of the Belgian and French armies when they resisted the German invasion. The Committee from the first declared that they were not a part of the general movement to establish the open shop in Chicago. They declared their policy—that all unions which were living up to the terms and conditions of the Landis award would be supported 100 percent—and as yet there has been no complaint from the twenty unions which are working under the award that they have not been treated with absolute fairness by the Committee.

Mr. Hooker criticizes the Citizens' Committee for not prosecuting the contractors and material men who were indicted under the Dailey Commission. The Citizens' Committee in no way is connected with the Dailey Commission and at no time has attempted to interest itself in any prosecutions except those for disorder incident to strike. The prosecutions under those indictments were properly left to the state's attorney and the judiciary. The Committee assumed that Judge Landis's award meant an entirely new start and that as far as the Committee was concerned, the past was to be forgotten, and many of the leaders of the unions which are going along with the Landis award still have indictments hanging over them. As far as the present controversy is concerned, their avowals of reform have been accepted in good faith.

The Citizens' Committee is supported by every element in the city of Chicago. Its finances have come from voluntary subscriptions in amounts from $1.00 and up. It has no apologies to make for its personnel or its policies. It has undertaken to back up the contractors in an earnest desire to clean up a dishonest and criminal situation which has been the result of an uncontrolled monopoly in the building business for years. Every labor union man in Chicago has known the criminal practices that have been rife, and after waiting years for unions to clean themselves up, only to find each year graft and crime became more rampant, the time came when the citizens, representing the property owner and the renter, had to step in and help the contractors and the decent majority of union officers and members do the job. The Committee has pledged itself to continue its activities until there is reasonable assurance that these conditions are cleaned up for good.

THOMAS DONNELLEY,
Chairman Executive Committee.

Chicago.

[The purpose of the article was not to try the case between the unions and the contractors or the unions and the public, but rather the supplanting case between the unions and the "Citizens' Committee," which was found to be charging the unions unwarrantedly with bad faith, declaring them bound by an unauthorized award, and utilizing this doubly unfair strategy to forward a disclaimed but in effect real campaign against unionism itself.

If this "red-blooded" committee were single-mindedly and red-bloodedly seeking to clean up the corruption in the building industry involving union agents, it could not well have missed its opportunities respecting the contracting and commercial, the employer, sides—probably the worst sides—of that corruption. Organized labor is moving to clean its own house. Will the Citizens' Committee, really representing the employer group, tackle its home job—for which it is now serving as a smoke screen? If so the two efforts could then respect each other, and perhaps cooperate usefully.

Mr. Donnelley's rather surprising feint—not specific assertion—to the effect that the arbitrator was, by general language, authorized to cover working rules, is disposed of by the second of the arbitration agreement's paragraphs. This specifies the one instance in which "working rules" could be covered, and that instance did not arise. The Landis award cannot be regarded as other than a gross, "red-blooded," strong-arm violation of the submission agreement. The Citizens' Committee likes it, but the method has not brought a solution, and is not promising.—GEORGE E. HOOKER.]

"The Economic Basis of Politics"

SIR: I should like to be allowed a few words on Mr. Walter Lippmann's review of Mr. Beard's Economic Basis of Politics. Mr. Beard's meaning, I take it, is that the social structure is built on and of economic facts and needs, the first furnishing the supply and the latter the demand of and for all social activities. Politics, to employ a rude and defective figure, is the roof placed upon this socio-economic structure, and this roof is composed of sanctions, confirmations and inhibitions in protection and conservation of the habits, uses and aspirations already builded or in the course of alteration and repair beneath.

Mr. Beard's reference to the French Revolution is exactly in line. Had the French clergy and nobility been willing to lend a hand or even not to hamper the majority in the National Assembly in its endeavor to construct a new roof for the new set of economic conditions called into being and the new social power arising with those conditions, then, indeed, the history of subsequent days might have been far different.

It is not, of course, in the "short swing" possible to predict politics from economic data or any other human data. In the "long swing," however, it is possible to make plausible guesses—if there is anything in logic and the law of averages. So why consider how men will conceive their property, beyond their conception of the hard and irrefutable condition that, stripped entirely of their property, they can no longer function socially?

Crowd psychology evaluates economics and expresses politics. It does not create the facts or conditions of economics, it merely interprets them. And its interpretation may be a good, bad or indifferent one.

FLEUR-DE-LIS SABLE.

Brooklyn.

The Gospel Up to Date

SIR: I sent a short while ago for a copy of the Chinese Luke, published by the American Bible Society, and the first thing that attracted my attention was the picture on the title page. It represents a Chinese woman with a Standard Oil lamp in her right hand and a whisk in her left sweeping her house and seeking diligently for the lost piece of silver—an illustration to the wellknown passage in the fifteenth chapter: "Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?"

An illustration to the very next chapter would have been much more appropriate: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Massachusetts.

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The Crow's Nest

WHEN you are journeying through the jungle, as I used to do, you discover that the first tribe you meet is firmly convinced it is civilized. A little further on you will find another tribe, equally primitive, who look upon the people you have just left behind as barbarians. Each group believes itself to be cultivated and wise and exquisite, and thinks that its neighbors are unfortunate and sodden outsiders.

This arises, of course, from the fact that every tribe has fixed customs, which they believe are the best and most proper. Hence the principal test that any such tribe applies to another is whether the customs of that second tribe resemble the first's. If they do, why, that second tribe isn't so low after all; they are thought to have a creditable sense of the fitness of things. But whenever they have different customs, they are looked on with pity.

When I came back from the jungle to rejoin my friends who live over here, I naturally found they had the same attitude, since they too are human. Complacency is like other ailments—if you have it, you have it. The people on the Hudson and the Congo show identical symptoms. Consequently I was not at all surprised to find that Europe and England imagined that they were more civilized on the whole than America, and that America in turn felt superior and pitied poor Europe.

It's a question, I hasten to add, that I don't mean to argue. I had quite enough of that in Africa, among different tribes. But everyone's at it. And every tribe goes to work in the same way to decide the question. They are all perfectly willing to be judged—but you must use their own tests. Each group takes for granted that its own tests are the only correct ones and should be universally acceptable to intelligent men. Each group thinks the tests of some other group one-sided or silly.

In America people have been believing in competition, for instance. Among the Maoris competition is vulgar. Well—which is "right"? Again, the Maoris used to have a great regard for fair play. Even in warfare they preferred to take no advantage. A British army was fighting them once and its supply train broke down, which suddenly made that army short of ammunition and food and gave the Maoris a chance to wipe it out before new supplies could be got. Instead of that, they refrained from attacking them till the new supplies came. Which were the more civilized? the Don Quixotes or the men with artillery? I don't know what answer to make. It depends on your test.

Here is a trolley car packed full of commuters going home, cross and tired. Everyone of them believes in industriousness as a civilized quality. They look down on Polynesians as loafers because they don't work. Far away, on a beach, Polynesians are watching the sea. They unanimously consider work incompatible with their strong sense of dignity. They have a fine personal bearing. The commuters have not. Polynesians would stare at those commuters as underbred helots. Each side would be amazed if an umpire thought the other group civilized.

Most races of our species having light or white skins are inventive; they are extraordinarily ingenious in devising all sorts of contraptions. But they're slow at religion—they have had to import their religious beliefs. Certain swarthier races in the East have to import all machinery, but they have been extraordinarily inventive in concocting religions. If you made me the judge, why, upon my soul, what could I say? The swarthier crowd is admirably reflective and concerned with the infinite. My own crowd is rotten at the infinite but tremendously practical.

But are all so uncivilized, if not in one way in another, that it will be time enough a hundred thousand years from now to begin with our judging. Meanwhile I don't see how anyone can fail to respect human beings, even though he finds their customs and thoughts the most amusing of studies.

One curious fact is that the customs of each group are uneven: some seem wise, others perfectly senseless, though it's all the same group. Wherever you look in the world this is always the case. Things are as mixed in America as in China or on the coast of Morocco.

The American has a clean, white-tiled bathroom, kept spotless and sanitary: but his poor human plumbing is all choked up and poisoned and awful. And see the Chinaman, see his fine intelligence and his shrewd commonsense, kept ignorant by his own alphabet, let alone superstitions. Or America, with machinery so delicate it can sliver an eyelash and so vast it can uproot a mountain with the perfection of skill: and America bungling with industrial clashes and strikes.

When we study another tribe, we end by using them as a mirror. Mirrors show one his errors. As we sit noting the other man's blunders, we see fatal parallels.

We are learning, too, to size up our good and bad points as a species—the splendid abilities and terrible lacks of mankind.

People shy at this attitude. A man argues that since he belongs to the species himself, it is patronizing of him to stand off one side and inspect it. That depends how it's done. He certainly sounds patronizing at first, when he tries to look on, but I do not see how if he goes at all deep he can *be* so. The solid achievements of the human species are far too extensive for any of us to feel disrespectful if he once takes them in.

One other point: At any past stage of our long, confused march, the wonders ahead in the next stage would have seemed quite incredible. A fair-minded observer must remember this may be true still, and that more incredible wonders may lie just ahead. He will therefore respect mankind not alone for all it has done but for what such an extraordinary race is likely to do in the future.

But this doesn't mean that he won't find us ridiculous too. Nor need we mind being ridiculous. It makes us, perhaps, more engaging. Not always more engaging to live among—no, sometimes the opposite—but certainly more absorbing and exciting to stand off and study.

CLARENCE DAY, JR.

Apathy

One by one you follow
After the manner of sheep,
Follow the way that leads you
Into a place called sleep—
Drowsily, drowsily follow,
Men and women like sheep.

Oh, you who levelly follow,
Have you never climbed a height?
Does someone not remember
A weeping in the night?
Then for the glittering sake of it,
If ever you sorrowed or sinned—
For the sake of one who is listening,
Turn, and follow the wind!

HAZEL HALL.

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Books and Things

IN the Christian Science Monitor for August 2nd there is an article to which, if Mr. Christopher Morley has not happened to see it, I should like to call his attention. It will give him pleasure. It will give pleasure to all admirers of Mr. C. E. Montague.

In this article Mr. H. M. Tomlinson praises Mr. Montague's Disenchantment as that beautiful book deserves to be praised—"that book about the war," Mr. Tomlinson says, which "we would have prayed Montague to write, if we had thought that prayer would have been effectual." To Mr. Tomlinson Disenchantment "is the finest essay that has come out of those years." Captain Montague's "place is that of a master of our English tongue, and the finest ironist we have. . . . There are pages in Disenchantment which would grace any anthology exclusively devoted to the great tradition of our prose. Disenchantment is a noble and sombrely eloquent book, and cannot be neglected by any student of the society of our own times, for it is a subtle analysis of things that are in our midst shaping the future. It is a work of art, deliberated, designed, with its purpose austerely maintained and never deflected by evident temptations to the purple."

However, it is not about Disenchantment that I wish to talk just now—although I think it the finest of Mr. Montague's four books, and the likeliest to live for a century or so—but about Dramatic Values, which at Mr. Tomlinson's instigation I have been rereading. It was Mr. Montague's first book, and was published eleven years ago (in England by Methuen, in this country by Macmillan). One of the papers it contains, Mr. Montague tells us in his prefatory note, "was read to the Manchester Playgoers' Club, and afterwards printed in the English Review. The rest, or the stuff they are made of, appeared in the Manchester Guardian. . . . Each is formed by grouping into one loose whole several first-night notices of plays that led to kindred thoughts, or gave or withheld a similar quality of pleasure." Not unwisely do we all put, in their proper place among the things we know only too well, most of the books that are formed by reprinting bits of dramatic criticism. They are melancholy reading. They are studded with the names of chance acquaintances whom we have almost forgotten and are willing quite to forget. Dramatic Values is one of the exceptions.

Open it almost anywhere. "No doubt," says Mr. Montague of Synge's rhythm, "no doubt it is so far like what Lady Gregory uses and what Mr. Yeats sometimes uses that all three are things of the mouth, and the Irish mouth; all use the common notation of syllables stressed and unstressed, without metre, to fix some audible qualities of Irish country speech. But Synge, within these limits, found or shaped a rhythm of his own so far beyond the commoner music of this speech that it is said he had to teach it to some of his Irish actors, and it was only then that they saw in the mournful drift and loose linking of his harmonies a new language behind language, subtly rich in emotional import, like the melodies of the prose letters that people write in Shakespeare, Antonio's to Bassanio perhaps the loveliest." This passage should be set beside another, taken from the essay called Some Points of Ibsen: "Symbolism may mean anything from speaking in parables to the way of writing which seeks to trick the imagination into activity by a felicitous unreason—as it seems on cold inspection—in the choice and use of words."

"Ways of writing" mean a great deal to Mr. Montague. When he tells us how a man writes he always tells us something more than this, something insightedly pertinent to his subject. He says of Candida: "The only trouble for the spectator, apart from the weak ending, is that Mr. Shaw cannot make Marchbanks talk up to his part. Marchbanks is to be a young Shelley; his talk is to be Shelleyan, at any rate poetic, and Mr. Shaw sees this and does his best to write non-metrical poetry for Marchbanks to speak. But Mr. Shaw's writing, while it has no stupidities, has no beauties; the fairies seem to have made a very strict arrangement, before his birth, that the ones with force, lucidity and mordacity to give away to new-born infants should all be there, and that all the ones with sensuous loveliness of any kind in their gift should stay away." Mr. Montague quotes one of Marchbanks's speeches, says "we salute an honest effort" when we read or hear it, and adds: "It is as if a master of positive clearness and directness like Huxley had attempted, with that equipment, to do Keats's work, or as if Comte had tried to write a Song of Solomon." Huxley and Comte! How exactly Mr. Montague chose those two names! After all, I repeat while reading Mr. Montague on Mr. Shaw, the old saying is true that justice is the most detractive form of criticism.

I can imagine Mr. Shaw agreeing with Mr. Montague in that estimate of Mr. Shaw's way of writing. I can more easily imagine him disagreeing with Mr. Montague's remarks upon Mr. Shaw's theory of love: "In the theatre this theorizing does not usually come out very clearly; people laugh too much to follow it, and perhaps people are right, for Mr. Shaw's serious thinking is just about the ordinary staple quality of that of the best-educated modern people, but his wit is genius. He himself sometimes seems to incline to the belief of devoted friends that his comic gifts are merely vehicles for the conveyance of a large, coherent system of original thought on human life and institutions. No doubt Juvenal thought he was an expert in moral philosophy, and Swift took his own derision of Wood's Halfpence for a sound contribution to economics. It is the way of satirists of genius, when they write a masterpiece, to hug the belief that it is a competent pamphlet on some stodgy current topic." And in one sentence Mr. Montague has described what I suppose has been the experience of a good many among the readers of Mr. Shaw in his early and his middle period, though by no means of all: "You thought you had a corrosive test for bad money, and then you find that it bites almost as well into gold."

What I have been quoting is enough to prove that Dramatic Values is a book to make its readers think, if they have a turn that way, or at any rate to make them concur and dissent sharply, which is sometimes a beginning of thought. It is with Dramatic Values that I should recommend a reader to start who wishes to get acquainted with Mr. Montague little by little. I shouldn't make the same recommendation to any reader whom I know in advance for a man that will take kindly to what Mr. Tomlinson calls "this delicate prose, often precious and overwrought, of C. E. M." It doesn't matter where such a reader starts—whether with A Hind Let Loose, The Morning's War or Disenchantment. He will soon discover for himself that Mr. Montague's delicacy tastes of granite and steel; that this overwrought prose, although precious now and then, is always as much alive as a brook in the hills; that its arabesques mean business, often pretty stern business; that this anapaestic dance is being executed by an ironist who loves austerity and the homely earth. "Evident temptations to the purple," Mr. Tomlinson says, but surely he is wrong this time. The temptation is rather to fine linen, but never too fine for Mr. Montague to fight in.

P. L.

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Modern British History

British History in the Nineteenth Century (1782-1901), by George Macaulay Trevelyan. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $3.75.

AFTER an excursion into the field of Italian history, resulting in three fascinating books on the work of Garibaldi from his desperate defence of the ephemeral Roman Republic of 1848 to the establishment of an Italian kingdom in 1860, Mr. Trevelyan has returned lately to the study of his native land, whose history in the age of Wycliffe and the age of the Stuarts he depicted in such brilliant fashion several years ago. His biographies of John Bright, and Lord Grey of the Reform Bill, recently published, make a kind of introduction to this general history of Britain in the nineteenth century.

Mr. Trevelyan explains his departure from the consecrated chronology of "Epoch Series," which begin the history of nineteenth century England "after Waterloo," by the remark that "the fifty years that stretch from the loss of the American Colonies and the fall of George the Third's personal government down to Lord Grey of the Reform Bill compose a single epoch in our history." Forced to choose, therefore, between 1782 and 1832 as a *terminus a quo,* he selects the former date because "among other advantages, it permits the inclusion of the whole career of the younger Pitt, who was, both in date and spirit, the last great statesman of the eighteenth century and the first of the nineteenth." None of Mr. Trevelyan's readers will regret the ten chapters which he devotes to the Industrial Revolution and the great struggle with Revolutionary France and Napoleon. They are among the finest in the book. The only regrettable feature is that in writing them he has had to rob Peter in order to pay Paul. They fill one hundred and eighty pages (more than two-fifths of the book), while the important years from Lord Salisbury's Unionist ministry of 1886 to the death of Queen Victoria are disposed of in forty-two hasty pages at the end of the volume. If the author had only allowed himself fifty or seventy-five pages more—an indulgence not often recommended by the reviewer or the reader—he would have remedied this rather abrupt conclusion.

It is not a history of the British Empire that Mr. Trevelyan gives us, and yet it is more than a history of Great Britain. It treats of the island of Great Britain "as the center of a great association of peoples, enormously increasing in extent during the period under survey," and wherever the course of events in Ireland, India, Canada, Australia or British Africa affects the politics of the homeland or the relations of England with the Continent or the United States, these events become part of the story. Only the reading of the book can give any slightest idea of how skilfully this delicate task is done. Moreover, in addition to a very considerable amount of material on India and the Dominions, Mr. Trevelyan has succeeded, without slighting the great political topics of the nineteenth century, in bringing into his story the discussion of economic and social movements, such as public health, municipal government, land policy, factory legislation poor laws, agriculture, religion, education, literature and sport. The secret of this achievement lies in the author's mastery of the whole complicated process of the development of public opinion in England in the nineteenth century, and his skill in weaving the threads of that process into a symmetrical and convincing pattern.

To attempt any summary of this volume, which is itself a summary, would be a gratuitous task. But there is one feature of the book which has impressed the reviewer, namely, a haunting sense, through the pages, of the irony of history. The book has scarcely a passing reference to the World War, and yet the impress of that great event is upon almost every page, showing how impossible it is for a thoughtful historian, especially on the other side of the Atlantic, to escape the psychological effect of the rapid succession of exalted expectation and frustrated realization. The curtain of history was drawn aside for a moment, revealing the fair prospect of millennial hopes, and then inexorably closed again. Is it any wonder that historians who have lived through the last decade should realize as never before the irony of history, and sense as never before the frustration of ideals in every age!

Whether consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Trevelyan lets a certain note of what the Greeks called "necessity," or fatality, creep into his treatment of men with reform programs, like Pitt and Gladstone. "If ever there was a national party," he says, "it was Pitt's in 1784," for Pitt had liberal ideas for Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform. Yet a vicious electoral system forced him to rely on "the Royalist and Tory borough owners" for his support in the Commons, and his disagreement with Fox obliged him to depend more and more on the reactionary and obstructive group of the King's entourage "Considering himself essential to the country as a Minister he would not risk the loss of office for any cause"—a conviction not wholly abandoned by subsequent Prime Ministers!—and the result was, as his "good angel" Wilberforce complained, that "after 1785 he was content to govern by 'influence' instead of by 'principle'."

If the failure of Pitt's domestic program was fraught with serious consequences for England's history in the next half-century, the frustration of a liberal foreign settlement after the overthrow of Napoleon was a sinister prologue to the world catastrophe a century later. It would be difficult to imagine two men of more widely separated character than Lord Castlereagh and Woodrow Wilson. Yet the language which Mr. Trevelyan uses in describing both the positive achievements and the pitiful failure of Castlereagh a hundred years ago might stand almost unchanged as a description of Mr. Wilson's vicissitudes of fortune: "It is quite possible that, but for the lead taken by Castlereagh in the Allied counsels, France would never have been reduced to her ancient limits, nor Napoleon dethroned.' But when it came to the settlement embodied in the treaties of 1815 the cravings of the European peoples for nationality and freedom went unsatisfied. Wilson, to be sure, tried as Castlereagh did not, to satisfy those cravings. "But,' says Trevelyan, "it is doubtful whether Castlereagh could have done anything if he had tried. Britain was not the lord of the land, but of the ocean, and where Prussia, Russia and Austria were agreed they were in a position to impose their will on central and most of western Europe That was the price that Europe paid for the overthrow of Napoleon. . . . This Eastern despotism," he continues "proved fatal to Continental liberties in 1848-9, was recognized as the unwritten law of Europe after 1870, and has only been brought to an end by the terrible and costly convulsion of our own day. . . . But again we may ask, How could Castlereagh have endeavoured, after Napoleon was conquered, to go back on the promises by which alone Russia, Austria and Prussia had been induced to carry through the war of liberation!" What a familiar sound the apologetic has!

It is remarkable—and regrettable—how few even o

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the best English publicists are sure of their facts when they touch on American history. The time has long passed, of course, when educated Englishmen confuse the Southern States with Costa Rica and Bolivia; but still there is an exasperating carelessness of detail—as shown, for instance, in Lord Charnwood's valuable biography of Lincoln and in Mr. Wells's pages on the American Revolution—which is a sad contrast to the mastery which English writers have of the history of the Continent. We may hope that one of the results of the happier relations between England and America in the last few years may be a more thorough study of American history in British schools and universities—of which, indeed, an auspicious beginning has already been made. Then men of Mr. Trevelyan's accomplishment will no longer make such statements as "when, at length, in October 1862, Lincoln proclaimed the freedom of the slaves" (p. 334), or "Texas and California, which the United States annexed after the Mexican War" (p. 292), or "in the late seventies, when the full (economic) development of America had at length taken place" (p. 276), or "the defence of New Orleans . . . when 6,000 Americans under Andrew Jackson held a line of strong entrenchments against 6,000 British infantry" (p. 177).

Although the book is packed solidly with facts, the author has most successfully avoided any suggestion of the encyclopedia. His sense of continuity and proportion is unfailing. The style is Trevelyan at his best—rich in allusion, brilliant in comment, masterly in summary, fruitful in speculation, just in judgment—the finished instrument of a furnished mind. Such books as this show the legitimate power of imagination in history.

DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY.

The English C. O.'s

Conscription and Conscience, a History (1916-1919), by John W. Graham. London: George Allen and Unwin. 12s, 6d.

TO the minds of most people conscientious objectors are of course shirkers and cowards. Others, while not agreeing with them, believe that they should not be coerced, and that, because the objectors are so tiny a fraction of the population in war time, such a course is practicable. Some, while not caring to follow the objectors' example now, think that war will only disappear when enough people in each country have become conscientious objectors to it. And a few, who may admire an irreconcilable idealism in others, feel that "to be willing to die for an ideal is to set a rather high value on one's own opinions."

Any decent minded person who reads Mr. Graham's account of the C. O. movement in England cannot go on believing that the C. O.'s were cowards. To the high moral courage required of anyone who tries to swim upstream against public opinion they often joined just that sort of physical bravery which they were most accused of wanting. There were about 16,000 men in England who claimed exemption under the Conscription Act on the ground of conscience. Not all did so on religious ground, for some belonged to no church, and some were socialists. Of this number all but 1,350 accepted alternative work. This iron-willed remnant, the "Absolutists," carried their convictions to the utmost point of logic, and as a result had to endure unbelievable sufferings. All of them were imprisoned at one time or another. Seventy-one died—mostly as a result of imprisonment—and thirty-one lost their minds.

It is of course no great surprise to learn from Mr. Graham's record how often the government lost its mind as well, how consistently its good intentions were lost in transit, how its dealings with the objectors were now dishonest, now cruel, now muddled. The worst muddle was the tribunals, composed usually of the butcher, baker and candlestick maker, which decided on the genuineness of the claims to exemption. The stock catch-question was, What would you do if a German assaulted your mother? If the applicant "said he would resist, he was a war-man; if he said he would not, he was a liar and a humbug." And Mr. Graham quotes this as a not exaggerated instance of what members of the tribunals often said: "But the very essence of Christianity is to fight. The old Testament is full of fighting." This reminds one of the army chaplain, quoted later by Mr. Graham, "who deduced from the fact that Paul made tents the conclusion that he was an army contractor, 'proud to do his bit for his empire.' "

Naturally such tribunals went wrong and sent into the army a number of men who were sincere. Several of these went to France, refused to obey orders, were kicked about with the filthiest brutality, sentenced to death, and would have been shot but for quick work by their friends in England. Those who accepted the home office scheme, the alternative of "work of national importance," found themselves doing something of a penal character, or useless work, or work for which they were unfitted. The Absolutists went to jail, where they underwent the usual insults, starvation, torture of mind and body, and degradation of civilized prisons. Only four percent of them weakened in their convictions under the ordeal. For the most part they maintained the intense solidarity of early Christians. They managed, by all the ancient subterfuges of prisoners, to communicate this spirit to one another, and from prison to prison. Little magazines, written on sheets of brown toilet-paper, were secretly circulated. A national organization, the No-Conscription Fellowship, smuggled to them letters, news, encouragement.

These C. O.'s were in violent opposition to public opinion. Yet they were by no means alone. They had behind them the public opinion of a small group which thought as they did, and made their fight seem worth while. This fact kept many of them from changing their minds who otherwise might have believed, as a few of them came to, that it is more important to save others than not to sin yourself, that the place of the C. O. was beside the soldiers, where be might, though fighting himself, be teaching many others how useless and criminal it was to fight.

Hysteria breeds counter-hysteria, and it is a pleasure to find in Mr. Graham's history no trace of such a state of mind, but rather a restraint, a dignity, a willingness to let facts speak for themselves that command the greatest respect for his account and sympathy for the men whom it concerns. We are unlucky in not having as good a book on the same movement in this country. It is more than an account of a few thousand stubborn and ardent souls, it is history, and as a record of men's minds in war-time deserves that name far more than those stories of how their bodies crossed this line or captured that town which are accepted as the history of wars.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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A Page of Fiction

The Glimpses of the Moon, by Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $2.00.

IN The Glimpses of the Moon Mrs. Wharton has done no more, in fact rather less, than she has done before. She has established what her publishers call "the rich background of American 'society'" in Europe, and patterned against it the marriage adventure of two attractive parasites who propose to live on their countrymen for a year. As in The House of Mirth, the woman reveals herself on a lower plane in respect to standards and scruples than the man; but he comes wisely to see that as a parasite he has no business with standards and scruples at all, and in the end they agree to take their little cash and let their credit go. The book conforms to the classic type of American novel in which the hero and heroine love each other at the beginning, want each other throughout, and are in possession of each other at the end. They stand out in their purity in the midst of a notably wicked and adulterous generation, and should win for their adept creator the Pulitzer Prize for "the American novel published during the year which best presents the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood."

Mr. Prohack, by Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

IN Mr. Prohack Arnold Bennett has repeated the problem of Kipps in a higher sphere. As Kipps was promoted from lower to middle, so Mr. Prohack is promoted from middle to upper class. He makes a better thing of it than Kipps, and though suffering from a certain whimsical boredom and peevish regret for his desk at the Treasury, he extracts enough enjoyment from the spectacle of his family to keep him going. The book is an illustration of Mr. Bennett's skill in reading the world from a single point of view. As in Denry the Audacious and Buried Alive the personality of the hero transmutes the common stuff of experience into something like adventure, so Mr. Prohack's detached, realistic mind submits his romantic good fortune to the light of common day. Mr. Bennett is a Thackeray working in terms of the novel rather than the essay. His satire develops through a character instead of being affixed as author's comment, but his world is the modern Vanity Fair.

Sareel, by Edith Dark. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.00.

SAREEL is a workhouse girl, a slave content to serve a cruel mistress, with only the Moorland in its "great protecting presence that was like a watching friend, changeless and steadfast," to comfort her sad heart. As has happened more than once or twice before, the success of the character is bound up with the background. When Sareel leaves her own country she not only falls into the hands of thoroughly unreal people; she becomes unreal herself with all the casuistries and complexes which have been the psychology of fiction since the novel was invented. But she comes back to the Moors and to reality. On the whole, a touching and winning story.

The House of Adventure, by Warwick Deeping. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

A SOLDIER of the British Army in France, deserting from a hospital, becomes the Robinson Crusoe of a deserted village in the devastated region. Instead of the wrecked vessel, he has a dump of army stores from which to outfit. Instead of Friday, he finds the mistress of the erstwhile café returning to her home. Instead of the cannibals he finds an evil monster who would exploit the ruins for the tourist trade and black-hearted industrials. Georges Clemenceau is the god out of the machine, arriving with a physician just as the hero succumbs to the mob. It would have conduced to that economy of material which is part of the art of fiction and of every other art if Mr. Deeping had remembered that Clemenceau was himself a physician, and allowed him to resuscitate the hero instead of merely haranguing the crowd.

A Vagrant Tune, by Bryan T. Holland. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $1.75.

THAT the author is advertised on the cover as "A Grandson of Mrs. Gaskell, Author of Cranford," unfortunately serves to suggest the comment that family characteristics are transmitted by imitation rather than heredity. It must be said, however, that Mr. Holland has chosen a distinguished model and followed it skilfully. A Vagrant Tune is in the tradition of Arcadian fiction, which Oliver Goldsmith replanted in a realistic world and nourished and watered by a whimsical and kindly humor. The book has thus a literary significance as well as a charm of its own—a charm none the less real for being faint and evanescent.

For Richer, For Poorer, by Harold H. Armstrong. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

WITH this his third novel Mr. Armstrong reveals his identity with Henry G. Aikman, the author of Zell. That book will be remembered as an example of realism shot through with the fantastic quality which the experience of certain people takes on—people who are none the less real for being perfectly adapted to fiction. In For Richer, For Poorer Mr. Armstrong does without this natural magic. His book is of the exact grain and color of life. It is built up out of commonplaces; the pathos is in the weakness of human endeavor, the humor in the irony of failure. It is a firmly knit story, rapid, vivid, economical with the exact relation of means to end—the novel of a craftsman as well as an artist.

The Breaking Point, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

AT last! A pie like mother used to make. The kind you have always bought. An old-fashioned novel for old-fashioned readers. The hero, with the advantage of a dissociated personality, becomes the basis of a plot such as Wilkie Collins would have framed. The other characters have no obligation except to provide that novel-readers' satisfaction so well understood by Miss Braddon and E. P. Roe. From thousands of hearts and homes the cry will go up this summer: Thank God for Mary Roberts Rinehart!

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Spain and the Spaniard

Rosinante to the Road Again, by John Dos Passos. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.75.

THE fact that Mr. Dos Passos's title to his volume of essays is a misnomer in no way lessens the interest in that book. Rosinante, the immortal and spavined old nag upon whose neck Don Quixote ambled over Spain, suggests that Mr. Dos Passos is either about to tilt at windmills or present the intelligentsia of Spain doing so. Mr. Dos Passos does neither. He offers a series of essays on various aspects of modern Spanish life interlarded with a number of conversational interludes that would seem at first glance to knit the book into a coherent whole but which in reality do nothing of the sort. Indeed, if anything they obstruct its flow.

The book is valuable not so much as a picture of Spain as it is of the mind of the man who wrote Three Soldiers. Mr. Dos Passos saw Spain as a fantastic tragedy, a land of decay and color and decadence and dolce far niente. It was a carnival dance of aristocratic beggars and parvenue aristocrats. It was the dark and colored Spain of Goya, of pride that eats itself up, of dirt and poverty and laziness and immeasurable potentialities. And all of these things, some of them not expressed in so many words but intimated, were viewed by the eyes of an inveterate artist. The book is splashed with color from beginning to end and it is quite possible that the superficial reader will carry away a false impression from so many barbaric hues. If Mr. Dos Passos is sorry for Spain—and sometimes he appears to be and sometimes he doesn't—the natural poetry within him often transmutes that sorrow to a sort of ecstacy, a wallowing in the reds and greens and purples of a country that is steadily rotting all about him.

This decay permeates all phases of Spain. It is physical, political, aesthetic and spiritual. Dos Passos writes of Pio Baroja's world, "dismal, ironic, the streets of towns where industrial life sits heavy on the neck of a race as little adapted to it as any in Europe." He translates some of the poetry of that great Spaniard, Antonio Machado—translations, by the way, that are but fairly good—and speaks of the poet's work and imagination as subjugated by "the bigger strength of the Castilian plain, where half deserted cities stand aloof from the world, shrunken into their walls, still dreaming of the ages of faith and conquest." An entire essay is given over to Blasco Ibañez, whom he dubs "an inverted Midas." "Every age must have had choice spirits," Dos Passos writes, "whose golden fingers turned everything they touched to commonplace." And Ibañez (he of the sport shirt and the Four Horsemen) we may well agree is one. Then there is the essay discussing Benevente's Madrid, a Madrid that is vanishing, that is crumbling. Spain is a land, if we are to believe Dos Passos, of dirt, disease, lack of education, bestiality; it needs education, organization, energy, the modern world. Just how much Dos Passos would like to see the modern world creep into this delightful, colorful, dirty Spain is a question. It is to be suspected, though, that he found much there to charm him that modern improvement would definitively erase.

One of the conversationalists in the interludes is named Telemachus and he indubitably stands for Dos Passos himself. He starts in the first essay to find a gesture, the essential gesture of Spain, a hint of which came to him in the fiery dancing of Pastora Imperio. Of course, he never finds it. That is the beauty of gestures; they make traveling worth while. If Dos Passos really got to the core of Spain he is not yet literary workman enough to reveal it to his readers. The book must be taken as a series of marginal notes, some of them sound, others rather tentative, and still others the unconscious self-revelation of Dos Passos himself. There are times when his prose is most admirable and at other times he cannot restrain himself from slightly boring the reader. But through it all runs a quick intent to grasp the essential Spain, an intent that appears to be rather frustrated through too much of a literary outlook and a desire to intrude himself into his impressions. The attempt, however, was worth while for it emphasizes the fact that Dos Passos is a prose writer of no mean stature, a not inconsiderable addition to those younger American scribblers who, at times, are rather given to so much more talking than writing.

HERBERT S. GORMAN.

All About Hardy

Thomas Hardy, Poet and Novelist, by Samuel C. Chew. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $1.50.

THE latest study of Thomas Hardy appears as one of the series of Bryn Mawr Notes and Monographs. Monograph is perhaps too modest a word to apply to so general a treatment of so general a subject. There is hardly an aspect of Hardy's life and work which Professor Chew does not somewhere take up for consideration. It is undoubtedly convenient to have such a digest of pertinent information, and to have it so compactly presented as in this eminently portable little volume. But it is difficult to cover so wide a range of topics and give any one of them that precise and authoritative treatment which we look for in academic studies. Thus Dr. Chew feels bound to say a word, like everyone else, on Hardy's "treatment of Nature." And this somewhat complicated matter he disposes of in one sentence. "Three stages in this attitude may be roughly indicated: at first Nature is regarded, with something of the 'pathetic fallacy,' as a conspirator against Man; later as a fellow-sufferer with Man; and at length Nature gradually disappears from the field of Hardy's interest—in Jude entirely so, though there is a recurrence to her in many of his poems." Just where, one wonders, in Hardy's writing does Nature begin to disappear? In so late a book as Tess there are literally dozens of references to that personified abstraction. In Jude, says Dr. Chew, Nature has entirely disappeared. As a matter of fact there are probably more references to personified Nature in Jude than in any other novel but Tess. "Nature's logic was too horrid for her [Jude] to care for." Sue, according to Jude, "was intended by Nature to be left intact." We read of "the scorn of Nature for man's finer emotions," and of cruelty as "the law pervading all Nature and society." As for the various ways in which Nature is regarded by Hardy at various times, the fact is that in every period she is regarded now as "a conspirator against Man," now as "a fellow-sufferer with Man," according as the author identifies her with that Circumstance that so often goes against Man or with those normal conditions of life which are opposed to Convention.

Is there then no point to Dr. Chew's distinctions here? There is a point, and one of considerable interest philosophically and aesthetically; but it is not something which

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can be roughly indicated in one sentence, nor in several sentences. The general purport of Dr. Chew's summary is here, as often, essentially that of Mr. F. C. Hedgcock's extensive study in his thesis for the French doctorate. But while Dr. Hedgcock has probably pushed his generalizations farther than the plain facts warrant, he has given his evidence in great detail and has made distinctions and qualifications that put the matter in a very different light.

There is one point in which Dr. Chew has probably been unduly affected by academic prepossessions. While he gives only about one third as much space to the poetry as to the prose of Hardy, he regards the poetry as of greater importance, and of The Dynasts he says that it is "now held by all good judges to be the greatest work of literature produced within this generation." He does little to justify this confident contention except to classify the subject-matter of the poems, to sketch the philosophy, and to laud the sincerity of Hardy and—here Dr. Chew is at his best—his uncompromising pursuit of the truth.

The relative greatness of Hardy's prose and verse must be determined, one would suppose, by the fact that his verse, however powerful and individual, is obviously inferior as verse to his prose as prose. Or is it assumed that, even in our day, verse is a nobler medium than prose, and that epic and poetic drama are necessarily greater genres than that used by Tolstoy and Thackeray? The epic was the product of certain human conditions, long since passed away, and was no doubt the finest product of those conditions. But is it not likely that our greatest work will be produced in a genre more generally cultivated in our day and more characteristic of it? There are many types of work to be considered. There are, for two examples, Queen Victoria and The Education of Henry Adams. There are France and Russia and Denmark to be reckoned with. And above all there are, in England, The Egoist and Lord Jim and Tess of the D'Urbervilles.

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH.

Mary Wollstonecraft

Portrait of Mrs. W., by Josephine Preston Peabody. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75.

THIS play has been written to frame a portrait. The portrait is Opie's painting of Mary Wollstonecraft which hangs in the National Portrait Gallery in London. In the studio of the Cornish painter, delicately perfumed by lilacs, crumpets, and tea, we are introduced to a group of famous people who figured in Mary's life about the time of her marrage to Godwin. Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, and Robert Southey have come to view the picture. Holcroft, to the disappointment of some readers, has been kept away, as he is working "desperately on his tragedy." Imlay is naturally absent—he belonged to Mary's past. But to dismiss him as a libertine, as the author does in the preface, is to take refuge in a categorical definition which tells us nothing. The mysterious stranger from America, deathlessly faithful to Mary and sponsor for all the ideal values of love, was evidently created by the author as a contrast and a compensation for the errant Imlay. It is hard to believe, however, that the graceful sublimations of the idealistic Mr. Symes would have had a very strong appeal for the real Mary Wollstonecraft.

With this radiant, vital creature, the present play has little to do. The episodes of her history, even the tragic death bed scene, have slight vividness or poignancy. A quaint eighteenth century atmosphere is maintained, through which the characters move as if stepping in a minuet. It is not an atmosphere in which Mary Wollstonecraft belongs.

She is of the strain of Medea and Penthesilea, and refuses an embodiment composed of curtsies, old English songs, and sentimental motherhood.

Perhaps it is tempting failure anyway to try to write imitation dialogue for a genius who expressed herself in writing so fearlessly and adequately while she was about it. Is not the better drama in the circumstances to be expected of the biographer? It exists, so far as Mary Wollstonecraft is concerned, in Stirling Taylor's biography published in 1911 and now regrettably out of print. This book has captured something of the true character of the author of The Vindication of the Rights of Woman. Her fire, her intellect, her tenderness, her inconsistencies,—all her intriguing complexity is handled with a keen yet delicate appreciation. It is a thousand pities that so good a book should be allowed to languish.

KATHARINE ANTHONY.

Contributors

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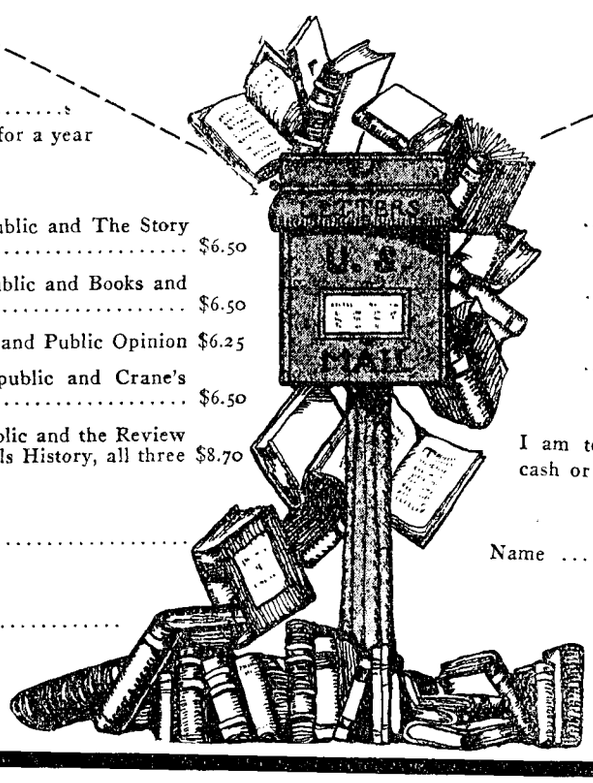

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